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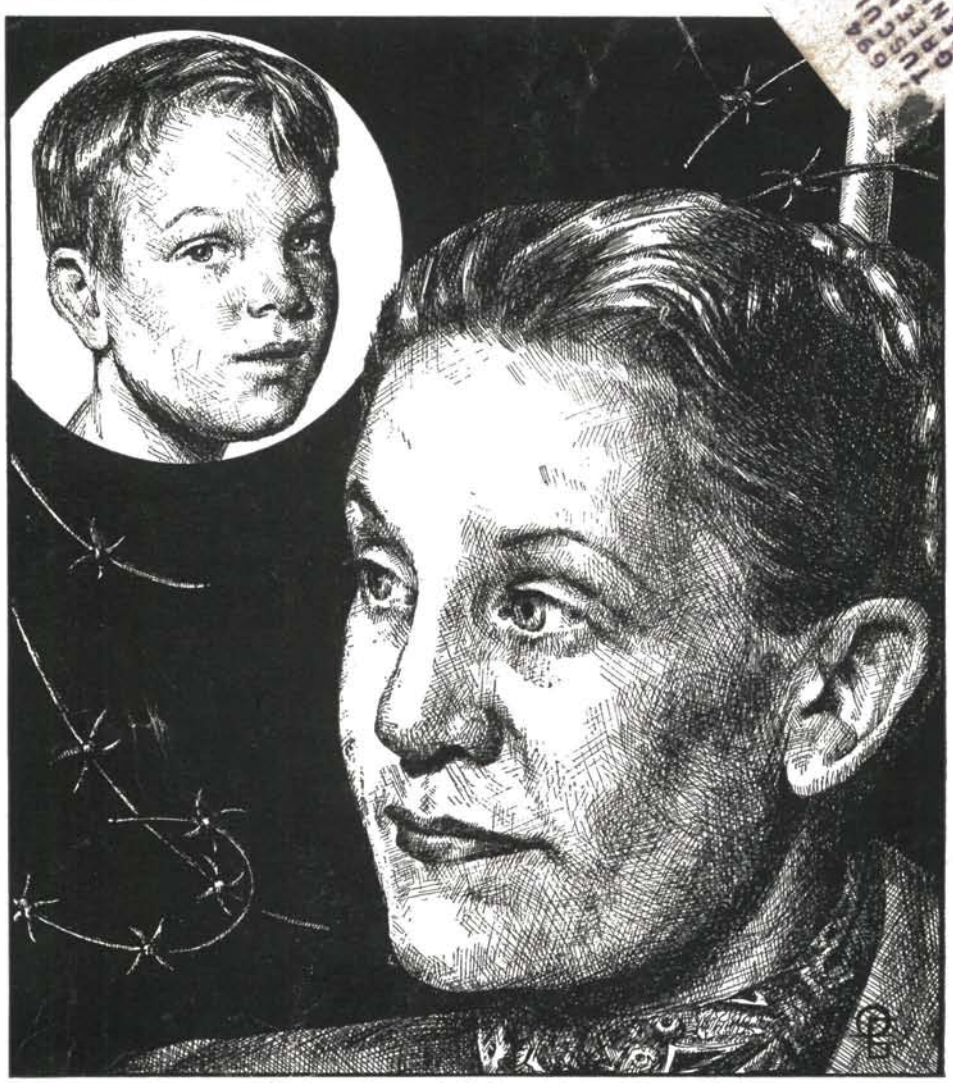

Agnes Newton Keith, author of "Three Came Home." (See page 11)

The Allegorical Method

By REX WARNER

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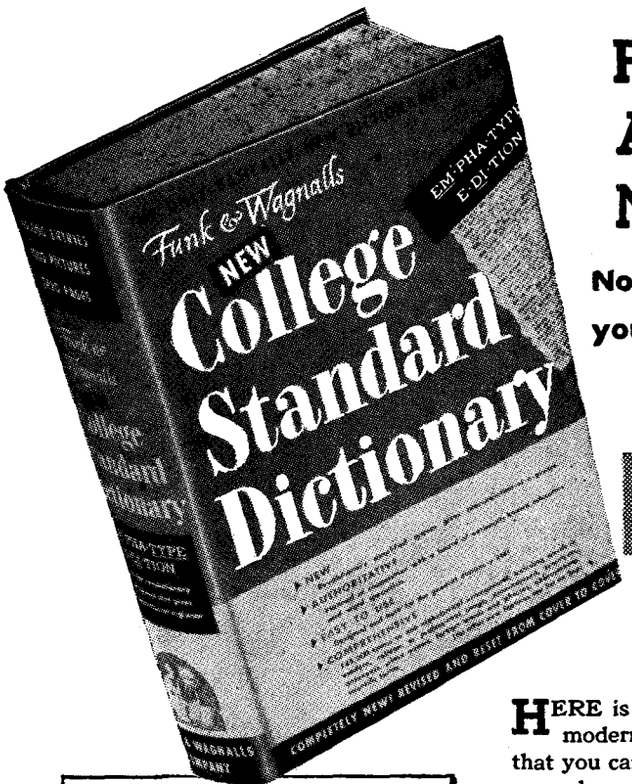

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THE CLIMAX OF 54 YEARS OF DICTIONARY MAKING

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TRADE Winds

I HAVE just completed a seven-week trip to the Pacific Coast and back, with stopovers of three days or more in Chicago, Oklahoma City, Dallas, San Francisco, and Hollywood, winding up with two weeks at La Quinta, in the wonderful California desert country. Before describing my adventures in detail and passing on some of the stories picked up en route (if you don't like that sort of thing, you'll avoid certain irritation by skipping the next couple of Trade Winds), I'd like to set down a few general observations.

The book business remains surprisingly good all over the country. Booksellers in all cities admitted that January and February figures either matched 1946 or were not far enough behind to cause serious concern. Inventories, except in inferior juvenile lines, were not excessive. Why weren't dealers in a happier frame of mind? Why did so many of them end their reports with an "If only . . ."? If only *what?* A vague, indefinable sense of foreboding seems to have taken root in America. It is out of all proportion to the very minor recession we already have or are likely to experience in the immediate future.

Most of the responsible people I spoke to believe this state of national jitters is a passing phase, and that our normal optimism will return when labor and commodity prices are relatively stabilized, and the international situation is clarified. A leading professor at the University of California told me:

> The American people are waking up to the fact that they have inherited the mantle that sat so long on the shoulders of the British. It is a sobering responsibility. If our leaders would tell them the score straight instead of beating around the bush, we could all settle down to our jobs. There's a lot of hatred and desire to destroy left over in our people from four years of war. It was all aimed at the Nazis and Japs while the war was in its active phase; now it is simmering inwardly, seeking new outlets. We need a cooling-off period. The newspapers could help a lot by playing down, instead of featuring, the wave of lawlessness that every responsible jurist knew would come as an aftermath of the war.

As a case in point, the professor cited the lurid headlines accorded a single murder case the entire time I was in California. The victim was a nonentity until some slick reporter thought of naming her "The Black Dahlia" (two days after the body was found). Excitement was whipped up to such a pitch that a brand-new psychotic confessed to the crime every other day or so, and any fourth-rate cabaret artist could get her picture on the front pages by saying she participated in some of "The Black Dahlia's" orgies. . . .

TRAVEL CONDITIONS are almost normal again, although reservations are still difficult to obtain on crack transcontinental trains. Hundreds of people who had commuted between New York and Hollywood exclusively by air for years are riding the Chief and Superchief again, wary of plane travel, for the present at least, because of numerous accidents and long standing grievances over unnecessary delays and inconveniences. The newspapers again have aggravated this condition by circusing news of aerial mishaps and underplaying railroad wrecks. If a plane crashes in Tibet, killing two, it rates Page One; if a train wreck occurs in France, killing a hundred, it is buried at the bottom of Page Fourteen. The air transport companies desperately need some high-powered publicity counsels and operating executives who will (1) improve facilities for getting to and from airports, (2) provide better waiting rooms, restaurants, ticket booths, and checking-in facilities at the airports themselves, (3) give more satisfactory reports of cancellations and delays both before and during scheduled flights, (4) assign specific seats in advance so that passengers will not have to huddle like sheep at entrance gates for a half hour or more before they are allowed to enter planes, and (5) perfect, or at least improve, devices for landing in bad weather and preventing the sharp and lingering pain in the ears provoked by sudden descents from high altitudes. What good is the saving of two days' traveling time if you spend them getting over the effects of a bumpy, uncomfortable ride through the air?

One of the editors of the *SRL* had a frightening experience along this line not long ago. While a lecture audience waited for him several hundred miles away, he was sitting helplessly in a plane that circled endlessly in the clouds awaiting a break that would permit a landing. To increase his irritation, the stewardess, following instructions that seem to be customary in such instances, refused to give passengers the slightest inkling of their exact whereabouts. Finally the plane made a landing, at the very edge of a huge field. It turned out to be Washington. Our jittery editor barked at the pilot, "After what we've been through, it seems the least you could do would be to taxi us that mile or more to the landing strip." The pilot looked at him pityingly and said, "With what, brother? There isn't one gallon of gas left in the tanks!"

Probably the trouble lies in the fact that airline executives have been concentrating too hard on the acquisition of additional authorized routes, and too little on improving the service on lines already in operation. I believe this situation is being rectified right now. If any airline executive

"Don't move!"

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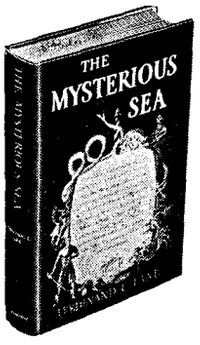
"From where I sit"

ONE day last year a man came into our office with what looked like just another manuscript about a hobby, the sort of thing we usually decide is too technical and too specialized to arouse much interest in the general reader. It was all about the sea, and before we looked at it, we said to ourselves, "Oh yes, the sea—the sea that is ever-changing and yet always the same. We don't need a book on the sea. If the author wants to write about the sea, tell him to put the sea in a novel where it lends atmosphere but doesn't get in the way."

Then, having let off steam, we read the book and decided immediately to publish it. We had never seen anything like it—nothing so complete, so detailed, and so interesting. The book is called **The Mysterious Sea,** and its author is FERDINAND C. LANE. If he doesn't go down in history as America's number **one** authoritative **writer** on the sea, I'll eat my homburg without relish.



One of the few world authorities on oceanography, and a marine biologist, he tells in this incredible book, all the things you never dreamed of in a style whose truth is stranger than Jules Verne.

Do you know, for instance:

How the sea got its salt?

That there are giant seaweeds with roots four feet in diameter that go down 200 feet?

That off the coast of California there is a chasm bigger than the Grand Canyon?

That the cod lays 9,000,000 eggs?

That the seas are evaporating 4-5 feet a year?

That the White Cliffs of Dover were made from the compressed remains of tiny mollusks?

That the Sargasso Sea is a floating mass of seaweed five feet deep and half as large as America?

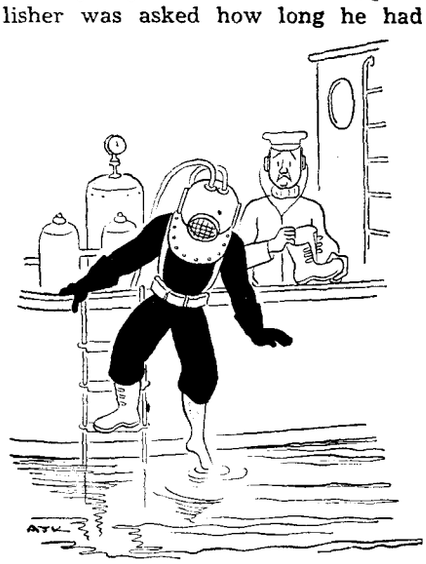
This book is filled with information told in the form of anecdotes that are fantastically true. This book is to the sea what the *Ashley Book of Knots* is to knots. It's the greatest escape reading I have ever come across. For here is escape into unknown reality.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

cares to furnish details, this column is open to him. A lot of impatient souls in the literary world will go back to plane travel if they are given half a chance. One of them said to me the day I got home, "Confess it: the roadbeds on even the New York Central and the Pennsy aren't what they used to be." How right he is! . . .

WHILE THE MAJOR kinks in transportation gradually are being straightened out, the hotel situation in the big cities is even more chaotic than it was during the war. No big new hotels have been built in years; the ones in existence have been jammed to the doors for so long that their equipment, plumbing facilities, and staffs are breaking down together like the one-horse shay. To have a confirmed registration for a room in a metropolitan hotel doesn't mean you will get that room on arrival. A harassed room-clerk will inform you, "Yes, we will have your room for you as soon as the present tenant checks out. Leave your luggage in the lobby and come back to see me at, let's say, four this afternoon." You extract a clean shirt and your toilet kit from your valise, which you then add to the mountain of baggage already piled in front of the elevators, and pick your way to the public wash-room, where you struggle manfully to make yourself look human again. When, after several vain calls at the desk, a room is finally assigned to you, it has not yet been made up, and the hotel, likely as not, has run out of clean linen. The manager of a hotel in Dallas told me, "We have not had an empty room in our establishment for four years. We never have an opportunity to vacuum the rooms thoroughly, or make necessary repairs. The whole plant is going to hell in a bucket, and so am I." In most big hotels guests are still limited to a five-day stay. When one returned publisher was asked how long he had tarried in Hollywood, he answered wearily, "Four hotels." If you *must* travel to a big city under present conditions, I strongly suggest that you cajole a friend who lives there into putting you up. Sleep on the floor in the baby's room if necessary; you'll still be ahead of the game! . . .



BACK IN NEW YORK, I find Publishers' Row talking about the resignation of Frank Taylor and Albert Erskine from Reynal & Hitchcock, the dissolution of the reviewing team of Sterling North and Clip Boutell, the overnight success of Laura Hobson's fine novel "Gentleman's Agreement," the extravagant critical reception of Malcolm Lowry's "Under the Volcano," and—most of all—the staggering increase in production costs and overhead in the past few months. Publishers' profit margins dwindled steadily, if slowly, all during the war years; the last batch of mark-ups, coincidental with the removal of Governmental ceilings, was the final straw. Publishers no longer can absorb the increase themselves, and prices of every kind of book are on their way up. Already some medium-length novels have appeared at three-fifty, and one doleful publisher, at least, tells me that the average tag on new fiction may be up to five dollars by the fall.

How the public will react to such increases is anybody's guess. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that publishers waited to mark up their books until the very time when widespread resistance to rising prices was manifesting itself. Had they put the new rates into effect when the prices of everything else were soaring, probably nobody would have raised a questioning eyebrow. Now the patriotic and sincere effort of American publishers to hold the line during the war years may have disastrous consequences.

TO CLOSE THIS COLUMN on a happier note, one New York critic has evolved an interesting theory in connection with the above mentioned "Under the Volcano," and the fact that what is in effect an epilogue is printed as the first chapter of the book. It seems that author Malcolm Lowry's wife is herself a detective story writer of note named Margerie Bonner. Some months ago Scribner's published her newest book, "The Last Twist of the Knife," and built up a very tidy advance sale for it. There was a minor imperfection in the first edition, however: the last chapter was left out entirely. A number of mystery fans, not to mention Miss Bonner, regarded the innovation with a jaundiced eye. "Lowry himself," explains the critic, "decided to take no chances. *His* last chapter comes first!"

BENNETT CERF.

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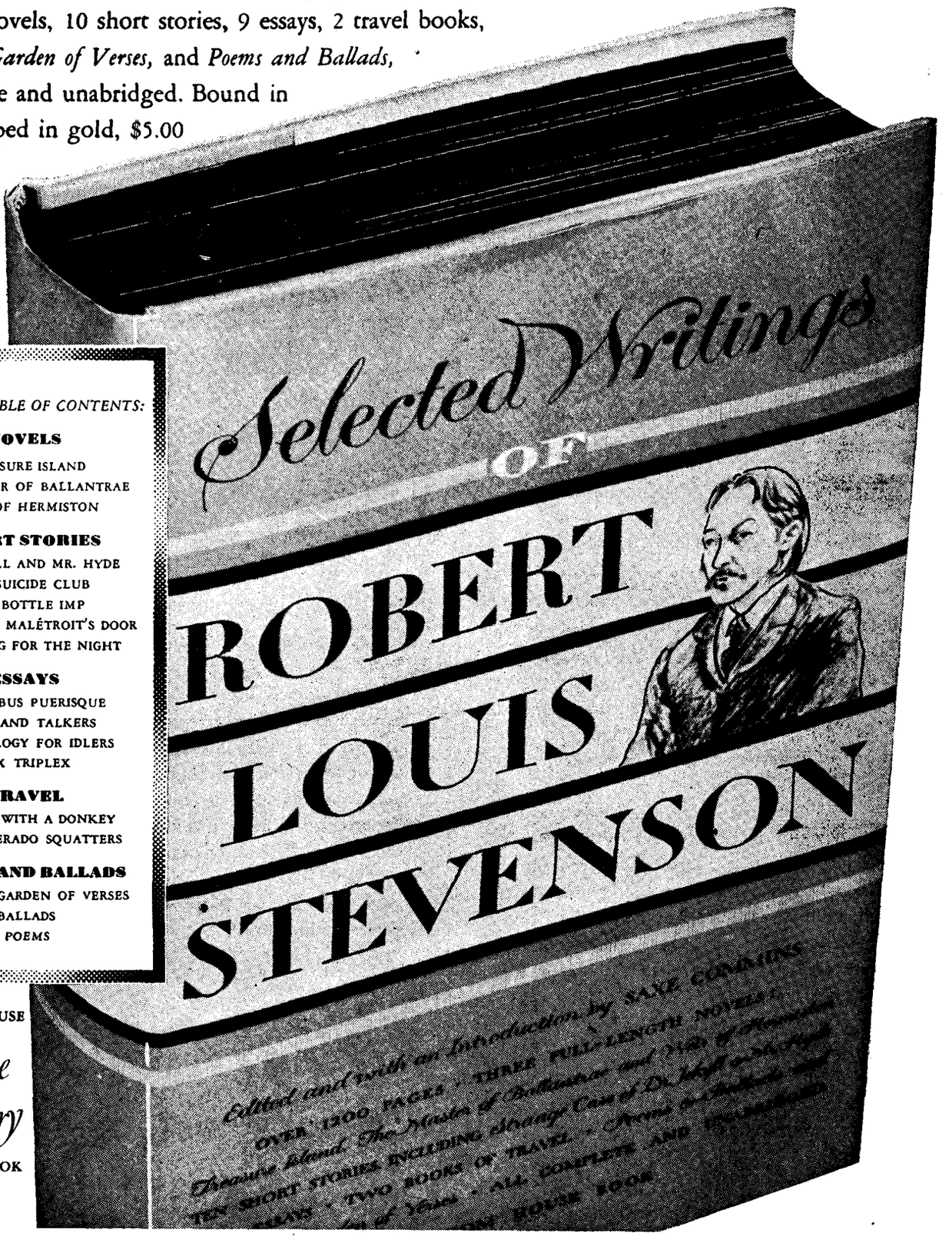

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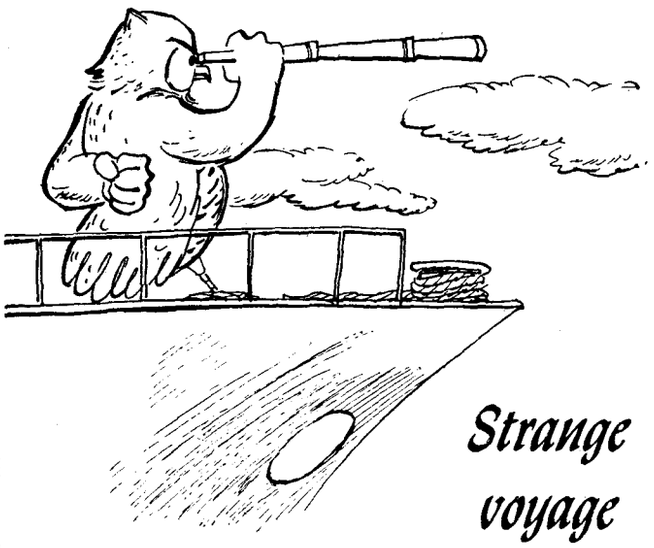

Strange voyage

BEING among those who prefer a voyage in a freighter to any other means of sea travel, we are reminded by Albert E. Idell's novel THE SEA IS WOMAN of some of the more agreeable moments in our life· pottering lazily through the Philippine Islands with a cargo of copra, creeping silently by night through the Suez Canal while, from the very peak of the bows, we watched gaily phosphorescent dolphins fan out from the slow approach of the ship.

And in the train of memory comes the picture of a freighter in port in Los Angeles loading for her trip through the Panama Canal to New York. We should have been aboard that ship. Instead, we stayed ashore and waved her farewell. Since then we have contemplated making the voyage. However, fulfillment of our plan was frustrated by a second World War and other distracting influences. Nevertheless, from the security of our armchair we recently boarded the S. S. *Hawkeye State* and, surrendering to the magic of Mr Idell, we finally attained our little ambition. Only with a difference.

From friends on board we learned that our ship—the one we didn't take—completed its voyage without incident. Any riotous hours spent by passengers in the more dubious sections of Panama City went unrecorded. So, on the whole, we feel that we did better to wait until Mr. Idell could take us under his command. For the S. S. *Hawkeye State*, with its heterogeneous complement of passengers and crew, represented "the world rotating hell-bent toward its future". The world of 1921 spinning drunkenly from the blows which it had sustained in the first World War.

A world, in fact, distressingly similar to that in which we find ourselves today; except that at that time chaos had not yet got into its present arrogant stride.

THE SEA IS WOMAN sets the stage for a conflict of both personalities and ideologies as passengers and crew face the difficulties of the voyage. Capitalism, irresponsibly exploiting the privileges of wealth and sharpening the itching frustration of the less fortunate, is portrayed by the two first-class passengers. Before the dignity of their position even the Captain is forced to bow—if he wants to hold his job.

In the miseries of the third-class passengers, miseries made unnecessarily acute by the harsh and unreasonable authority of red tape, are depicted the injustice and lack of reason in the system of government by which a jealous minority holds the economic power to control an unorganized majority. As the author skillfully points out, it is not the individual who is to blame, but the system which compels individuals to react as they do even against their own better judgment.

A mutiny on the seventh day out marks the racial conflict between Negro and White. The mortification of defeat and the final triumph of man over his own baseness is finely expressed in Delos Newcombe, an aging and forgotten actor who was once the idol of millions.

On the ninth day the ship runs into a hurricane—a disaster which could have been avoided had not an obstinate and authority-ridden official in New York insisted that the vessel continue her trip. Now, faced with possible destruction, personal antagonisms and internecine strife are subordinated to the necessity of forming a united front to common danger. Individually and together, passengers and crew find their respective levels and purpose, and, in a superb climax, reveal how each one of us, if we play our parts with integrity, can offer a triumphant hope for the sanity and decency of our world.

Each of the characters in this book is real. We have often met them. We are there aboard the *Hawkeye State* and so are you. We all know Erica van Nijden, the Dutch nurse whose sympathetic heart and capable hands recognize no human being as unworthy; Dr Carl Brandt struggling to find himself again after his experiences in war; William Wilson, the frustrated clerk trying to escape from the nagging horror of his wife into a dream world with his adored son. These and others weave a pattern of emotion and lethargy, of hope and despair, of defeat and triumph, while the blazing sun saps their energies, while unstable authority suppresses their natural freedom, and disaster welds them into a cohesive unit, until the stars shine out upon the tiring waves vainly grasping at a small, battered ship which has summarized the tale of human endeavor

The Sea Is Woman

BY

ALBERT E. IDELL

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Allegorical Method

REX WARNER

WHEN we say that we are "fed up" or "browned off," when we describe a "lightning attack" or a "stonewaller" in cricket, when we think of the "shape" of a piece of music or use the words "God the Father" we are speaking or thinking allegorically. In this ordinary speech and thought of ours we would not listen for a moment to the puritanical realist who insists on the spadeishness of every spade. All the world is not a spade, we would say to him. The word that means the thing seldom describes the whole thing, and never could describe the thing in its infinite aspects and relationships. Hence our language and thought have developed allegorically so that "other-speaking" has become an atmosphere to us.

All this is true; yet in literature allegory and the allegorical method are still viewed with mistrust by the realist critics, though these, I hope and believe, are beginning to die out. They will maintain, "if an author has anything to say, why can't he say it right out?" and not observe that this criticism of theirs is very similar to, if not the same as, the philistine criticism of poetry—"If he's got anything to say, why can't he say it in prose?"

The roots of this type of criticism are various. On the one hand is a reasonable and proper mistrust of the "high-falutin," of pretty abstractions which are unrelated to reality; but on the other side is the sheer philistinism of the pseudo-scientist, the crazy belief in a mechanical universe consisting of discrete parts, all of which can be catalogued, their functions analyzed, put together again, and understood. This at one time was widely assumed to be "the scientific attitude," and accurate description of some of the easiest and most obvious aspects of life was held to be the main part which a writer had to play in the gradual evolution of the new world of hygiene and enlightenment. Both the vastness and the mystery of

life dropped out of sight, and the less one saw of them the more one was "a realist."

This vulgarity of realism is fast dying out. The mechanical universe is disappearing in radiation, twisting itself into monstrous shapes in barely imaginable dimensions, compared no longer to the homely and work-a-day clock but to most unexpected things, a kind of transcendental sausage or banana. Nowadays the high priests of science have ceased altogether to give any easy answers in philosophy to their embarrassed faithful. Instead, they offer them hypotheses which appear to contradict each other and are at least as hard to grasp as ever was the doctrine of the Trinity.

All this and all the other factors in the general insecurity of mind and body in which we live have served to discredit the naïveté of the old-fashioned realist, who seems to us now to have assumed a rather easier method of dealing with his world than was justified by the facts. It is becoming clear that if pure fantasy unrelated to reality is dangerous, lunatic, and irresponsible, pure observation undirected by imagination or moral impulse is almost meaningless.

So along these lines one could defend the use of allegory in literature against those who have chosen "realism" and "objectivity" as the articles of their faith. Another and more "objective" defense would be to refer them to the literature of the past, which is saturated with allegory for the good reason that allegory is one of our most natural and forcible methods of expressing truth. It is the art of expressing a relation between things which is not ordinarily perceived; it is the art of throwing a strong light on aspects of the world which are ordinarily disregarded, or of placing what is familiar in an atmosphere which will reveal something unexpected and unknown in the most unlikely places; to it men have recourse when their thoughts seem to have outrun the ordinary and accepted modes of expression.

When Dickens starts "Bleak House" with his magnificent description of the pervasion of fog, he is writing allegorically. Part of what he means to suggest is no doubt a mere simile between the processes of law in which his characters are inextricably involved and the blind and stifling descent of fog on a great city. But there is much more to it than that. Fog is the keynote to the whole book. It is constantly reappearing, as though all the time it had never lifted. Thus the impression which he makes on the reader is a deeper one than it would have been if fog had been simply equated or compared with the law. Rather it is felt as some cosmic force, vaster than can be readily expressed in words, which includes the mechanical cruelty of the law, the deliberate cruelty of man to man, the isolation voluntary or involuntary of individual from individual.

IT may be objected that Dickens is not a "proper" allegorist, but I should maintain that it is impossible to restrict the word "allegory" to those authors who, like Bunyan and Swift,

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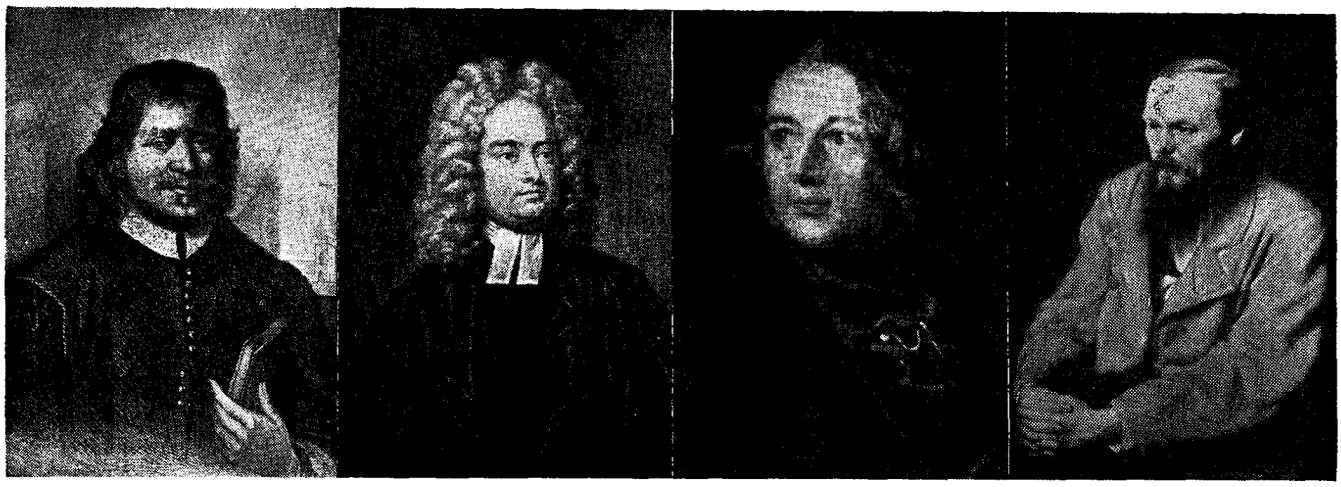

"Where the allegory of John Bunyan or Jonathan Swift has in its expression an almost ostentatious matter-of-factness and sanity . . . . . we observe in Charles Dickens and Feodor Dostoievsky a passion for dreams, visions, monstrosities, and madness."

are most obviously describing one thing in terms of another. The method is used more or less by all great writers, and it is better to recognize the method than to stamp Bunyan as "an allegorist," Dickens as "a novelist," and then be not quite sure where to place a book like "Moby Dick."

Possibly a convenient distinction may be made between allegory and symbolism, but even this is difficult, since the two so often merge into each other. Indeed, in our common use of the words we seem to mean by a "symbol" merely a shortened or isolated allegory, and by an "allegory" merely a sustained use of symbols which are connected together either in narrative or in description. In "Bleak House," for example, the all-pervasive fog may be regarded as a symbol, but if we look further into the book we shall find a whole set of characters and scenes which seem, by their fantasticality and exaggeration, to mean more than what meets the eye, just as the fog has meant more, so that the total impression may be called "allegorical." To quote Edmund Wilson, who in "The Wound and the Bow" has written excellently on this very point: ". . . the people who like to talk about the symbols of Kafka and Mann and Joyce have been discouraged from looking for anything of the kind in Dickens, and usually have not read him, at least with mature minds. But even when we think we do know Dickens, we may be surprised to return to him and find in him a symbolism of a more complicated reference and a deeper implication than these metaphors [he is speaking of the fog] that hang as emblems over the door. The Russians themselves, in this respect, appear to have learned from Dickens."

There are, indeed, endless varieties of this use of "other-speaking" or allegory, a range from the obvious allegory of Bunyan, who, since he is using religious symbolism, is able to name or libel his creations, to the much vaguer and indeed obscure allegory of Herman Melville or Dostoievsky or Kafka. In between we find a variety of mixed types, Rabelais and Cervantes and Swift towards one end of the scale, Spenser somewhere about the middle, Dickens towards the other end. And the mention of these names alone will serve to show the infinite variety of the method.

IT is interesting to remember that we find both types, the overt and the more or less occult, in Plato. His allegory of the human soul as a charioteer driving two horses, one of which is spirited and proud while the other is sluggish, lazy, and unwilling, is an example of the overt type. It expressed something which, for him, was a central truth of human nature. Indeed, in "The Republic" he externalizes, as it were, his allegory and makes his tripartite division of the soul the foundation of his organization of society. In all this he is using allegory in order to make plain a truth which he believes he has discovered. Elsewhere he uses the same method differently to throw some faint light on matters which he admits are beyond the reach of ordinary language and common modes of thought. In the "Phaedo" after he has put forward every logical argument for the immortality of the soul he is still unsatisfied, since the subject seems to extend beyond the grasp of logical argument. Here, and in other parts of his dialogues, he has recourse to his own peculiar invention, the "myth," in which he gives a fantastic picture of the general direction in which his thought is moving. In the "Phaedo," for instance, he suggests: "We . . . are deceived into the notion that we are dwelling above on the surface of the earth; which is just as if a creature who was at the bottom of the sea were to fancy that he were on the surface of the water, and that the sea was the heaven through which he saw the sun and the other stars, he having never come to the surface by reason of his feebleness and sluggishness, and having never lifted up his head and seen, nor ever heard from one who had seen, how much purer and more beautiful the world above is than his own." And so he proceeds to describe "the true earth" and the world of the dead; and these myths of his have carried such strange conviction that, handed down as they have been through Virgil and the early Christian scholars, they have colored the views of generations concerning life after death, although Plato himself is careful to emphasize his "other-speaking." He says: "A man of sense ought not to insist that everything is as I have described it; but that this or something like it is the truth about our souls and their habitations . . . that, I think, is a venture fitting and worth while."

We notice in Plato two of the most common uses of allegory: first, as in his description of the charioteer, to give vigor and vividness to a definite belief; second, to attempt fantastically to throw some light on what is beyond the ordinary reach of words. And in his passage about men as fish living below the surface of the ocean, unable to see the world above their heads, he is employing a method most fruitfully used later by Swift, the method of imagining normal relationships in a wholly abnormal environment.

The most famous of English allegorists, Bunyan, evidently believes that he is using allegory in both the ways I have mentioned. This is how he describes his own purpose:

Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation?

(*Continued on page* **29**)

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The Utter Waste

THREE CAME HOME. By Agnes Newton Keith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 317 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
MARJORIE HATHAWAY GUNNISON

THIS is a story that will bring tears, with little laughter, for it is a story of imprisonment at the hands of the Japanese. It is a story of brutality and humiliation, of starvation and filth and torture. And yet it is a story of courage and selflessness and love. It is told with an understatement which gives it strength, with a sincerity that obviously is truth.

Such a story brings a temptation to the reader—the temptation to think "it can't happen to me." That is what Agnes Keith thought even while it was happening to her. "It is the sort of thing which occurs to other people; but not to oneself," she wrote. But it happened to her and her son, George. It happened to her British husband, Harry. It happened to thousands of Americans, just like you and me.

To be reminded of the horrors of war is a good thing. We need reminders, for we are talking of the next war. "Three Came Home" is a good thing, for it is a reminder of what that "next war" can mean.

Mrs. Keith says she wrote this book for three reasons. For horror of war so that others might shudder with her at it. For affection for her husband. When war nearly killed her, knowledge of his love kept her alive. And for a reminder to her son who belongs now to peace.

She writes without hatred when it might be reasonable to assume that every instinct would cry out in hatred for revenge and retaliation, for she was separated from her husband during nearly four years of imprisonment in Japanese camps in Borneo. She was forced to work at hard labor in the tropical sun. Her days were a constant struggle to get enough food for mere subsistence for herself and George. She was slapped, kicked, and tortured. She had to learn passivity in the face of the suffering around her.

Her own estimate of the cost of captivity is

> the utter waste of those years, the child that we lost, and the children that we did not have; the entire absence of beauty, either physical in our surroundings, or emotional in our living; the arrival at disillusionment in ourselves and others, and the consciousness of human suffering which has become part of us forever. Those things, even more than physical pain.

And yet she can write without hatred. She can tell us after the years of filth and starvation and fear that she does not believe we fought the war in order to retaliate in kind for the very actions which we condemned. She sees the Japanese as being what they are, not because God made them that way, but because war made them that way. When the Japanese threatened, bullied, and humiliated prisoners she had been able to comfort herself with the thought, "But Americans don't do that!" Yet on the ship that took her out of captivity to America she heard the stories of American soldiers—stories that told of the rough treatment of the enemy. She asked them, "Why did you do that?" and the answer often was, "They did it, so we did it, too." And with great understanding Mrs. Keith writes, " . . . war brutalizes all whom it touches; if it did not do so it could not be endured."

Once home in America Mrs. Keith tells us what freedom means to her, and even while she says she is proud to be an American she says she does not feel that America belongs to her, but that all that America is—her freedom, her plenty, her people, her ideals—belongs to the world.

This book is the work of a talented writer. It is written with deep sincerity and with a human touch that is the special gift of this writer. It is an important book because it is not only a record of what can and does happen in wartime both to conquered and conqueror, but it is a reminder given with rare understanding that "it is better to give more and to have less—and to keep the peace—than to fight."

Marjorie Hathaway Gunnison was Far Eastern NANA correspondent when taken Japanese prisoner in 1942. Held in Manila and Shanghai camps until repatriated on the Gripsholm *in 1943, she will resume her assignment in the Orient next month.*

THE AUTHOR: With her tall, slender figure and casual grace, shiny dark hair and exotic eyes, Agnes Newton Keith could make her fortune modeling high fashion frocks—if she could keep her mobile face straight. Although inherently shy, she has a terse tongue and a flair for simple, dramatic costume of compelling distinction, sans risible posturing. She was called "Spareribs" in the *San Francisco Examiner* city room, where in 1924 she became the youngest rookie after graduation from the University of California. One noon, eight months later, a deranged drug addict who didn't like the *Examiner* bashed her skull in with a two-foot iron pipe. For more than two years she endured blinding headaches and repeated operations. The last, finally successful, was performed just before she went to North Borneo with England's Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture, her childhood friend and bridegroom, Harry G. Keith. For five years they were ideally content. She loved the tropics and their hilltop haven above the harbor with its jungle backyard and ample library. Most of all, she loved quiet, ginger-haired Harry Keith. Her first book, Atlantic prize-winner "Land Below the Wind," was a gay chronicle of those years. But, despite pagan offerings to fertility gods and Christian prayers, it was 1940 before they were granted a son, whom they named George. Then the war broke out. Calmly, she cached a supply of drugs and made preparations to hide from the Japanese in the jungle with her husband and child. Instead, like other officials, they stayed at their posts January 19, 1942, when the Nipponese came ashore at Sandakan, and made the Keiths captives. During three years' imprisonment Mrs. Keith hid notes and sketches in George's toys. Last November she came to Boston to finish the story "Three Came Home." Now she and George are going home—to join Harry Keith in Borneo.

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The "Czech Way"

THE BRIGHT PASSAGE. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 370 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

MAURICE HINDUS'S exciting new book can be read as a first-hand report on Czechoslovakia's post-war revival, its leaders, and its people. As such it is colorful, well documented, and important; the book can—and should—be read as a significant approach to the most intense questions of our times. Will free enterprise or planned economy better be able to cope with production? Is it possible for Soviet and Western ideologies to collaborate for peace?

In the very first chapter of "The Bright Passage" Hindus focuses on one answer: "While in other lands political factions are fiercely feuding with one another," he writes, "venting their energies on denunciation of Russia's collectivism or vilification of America's individualism, Czechoslovakia is peacefully and unobtrusively, with a calculated yet unthwarted audacity, proceeding to achieve a fusion of the two." Since the end of the war, a "revolution by evolution instead of evolution by revolution" has taken place in the tiny Eastern European republic. Industries have been nationalized without the loss of a drop of blood, without a single strike. With Catholics and Communists, both powered politically, cooperating, planned economy has been legally brought about. In contrast to the Russian Revolution, there has been in Czechoslovia, according to Hindus, no resulting curtailment of civil liberties; the bourgeoisie have not lost their personal possessions; the intelligentsia have not been fenced in with suspicion and distrust; in fact, the Czechs have not even outlawed the principle of private enterprise.

The Czechs were the first nation in Europe to proclaim their economic break with the past. This peaceful revolution, national rather than proletarian in character, managed to take place without much notice in the American press or much approval from our State Department. Unless some calamity occurs to change the portents visible in "The Bright Passage," the Czechs are going to carry it out successfully. If they do succeed, the "Czech way" rather than the Russian or American could become the model for other small European nations.

Whether other peoples could do as well in preserving the delicate balance between a planned society and individual freedoms is questionable. The Czechs, as Hindus describes them, are an unusual people. They are emotionally and physically healthy; they venerate knowledge rather than military glory; they know, above all, how to make the most out of what they have. These virtues, plus certain natural resources, have given them Europe's highest standard of living. Dozens of word pictures in "The Bright Passage" illustrate the "Czech way" and how it works in the entertainment world, in factory councils, in politics. There is a sketch of a priest who proudly keeps a portrait of Stalin in his study, and an interview with a communist mayor who frankly admits, "We're a middle-class people, even our workers. . . ." Behind these two individuals are a Catholic Party which is to the left of the British Labor Party and a Communist Party which is the "most non-sectarian" in the world. As a result, the Communist Party apparently does not urge its members (many of whom are Catholic) to stay away from Church, and the priests do not admonish the Catholics to shun the Communists.

Mr. Hindus is not a Pollyanna about the new Czechoslovakia. He detects flaws (perhaps not all of them), and he forsees dangers. The greatest danger, in his opinion, is external—a clash between the United States and Russia. The new Truman foreign policy, for example, enunciated after this book was written, might underwrite the ambitions of potential enemies of the present popular Czech regime. Another danger would be any attempt on the part of the Czech Communists, whether inspired by Russia or their own desires, to seize and maintain power in Prague by force. So far the prospect for continued self-control by the local Czech Communists appears to be brighter than for a resumption of mutual tolerance between the Big Two. The Czechs have made it clear that they will not knuckle under to any dictatorship.

In "The Bright Passage," as in all his books, Maurice Hindus weaves his story in terms of people. On occasion he departs from this design with sweeping generalizations on national characteristics. Usually he is content to have the reader sit in on a revealing conversation with a Czech politician, clergyman, poet, statesman, innkeeper, partisan, musician, or editor. The history of the growth of the Czech spirit since the early fifteenth century is presented through the deeds and words of great leaders such as Jan Hus, Frantisek Palacky, Thomas Masaryk, and Edouard Benes. In addition, Hindus analyzes the nation's present and future relations with Russia, Britain, and America, and evaluates these factors as the Czech people must view them. Near the end he devotes a section to Prague's problem in bringing Slovakia into a progressive partnership, and explains why the supernationalism of Father Tiso's fascist regime still lingers there.

Whether one agrees with Hindus's conclusions or not—and this reviewer frankly does—"The Bright Passage" is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and challenging books about Europe that has been published in a long, long time.

—Life *photograph, from the book.*

Jaromir Vejvoda, composer of "Beer Barrel Polka," leads his orchestra in post-war Czechoslovakia—a prosperous Czechoslovakia in the shambles that is now Europe.

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Press R: Faith Healing?

KENNETH STEWART

ABOUT twenty-five years ago Henry Robinson Luce, not long out of Yale, decided that people were not well enough informed and that something should be done about it. As his bit he started *Time* magazine, then *Fortune*, then *Life*. His ventures thrived, but the problem kept on plaguing him. Four years ago, it seems, during a lull in an Encyclopedia Britannica meeting, he got to talking with Robert M. Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago, about how the press was doing its job. Out of that talk came the Commission on Freedom of the Press. In 1943 Mr. Luce gave the University of Chicago $200,000 to conduct a full inquiry into the newspapers, radio, motion pictures, books, and magazines of our time. Encyclopedia Britannica added $15,000 to the fund.

Mr. Hutchins named thirteen distinguished and disinterested scholars to the commission: Charles E. Merriam and Robert Redfield from his own faculty; Zechariah Chafee, Jr., William E. Hocking, and Arthur M. Schlesinger from Harvard; John M. Clark, John Dickinson, Harold D. Laswell, Reinhold Niebuhr, and George N. Shuster from other universities; Archibald MacLeish and Beardsley Ruml. For three years they met at intervals. They listened to testimony from fifty-eight publishers, editors, reporters, readers. They recorded interviews with more than 225 men and women in the industries, Government, and private agencies identified with the press. They studied 176 documents prepared by members of the commission staff. Under no orders from Mr. Luce nor from the University of Chicago the commission came to its own conclusions. Its report is now ready for the public. It appears as a supplement to *Fortune*, and in book form as "A Free and Responsible Press."*

The news it bears, though vital, will not stop the presses. The commission found freedom of the press in danger and, like the young Yale man of the twenties, decided something should be done about it. It is an old, familiar story: The press is mainly in the hands of gigantic business units; it fails to accept the full measure of its responsibility; it does not offer a free forum for discussion of diverse views; it does not accurately represent the groups that make up our society and the goals that guide it; it has engaged in practices which society condemns and which, if continued, society will undertake to regulate and control. Novelty and sensation obscure the normal and the significant. The press is preoccupied with night club murders, race riots, strike violence, and quarrels among public officials. Look at the way newspapers manufactured drama and tension at the San Francisco Conference (the commission is preparing a separate study of this) because they had to have drama and tension for headlines.

Owners also twist the news to their personal interests and give in to pressures—financial, clerical, popular, institutional. Democracy needs pressure groups and they can be helpful as well as hurtful, but the effect on the news is too often meaninglessness, flatness, distortion, bias, and misunderstanding. Leaders of the press deserve praise but the press as a whole does not meet the needs of society.

Nor does it discipline its own errants. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association has dealt almost exclusively with the business problems of the industry and has not concerned itself with questions affecting the role of a free press in a free society. The American Society of Newspaper Editors adopted a brave code of ethics but proved it bootless by blinking at the first case of gross violation. The American Newspaper Guild fixed its sights on union recognition, better salaries, hours, and working conditions—"useful steps in building professional competence and independence," but not the criteria for raising standards.

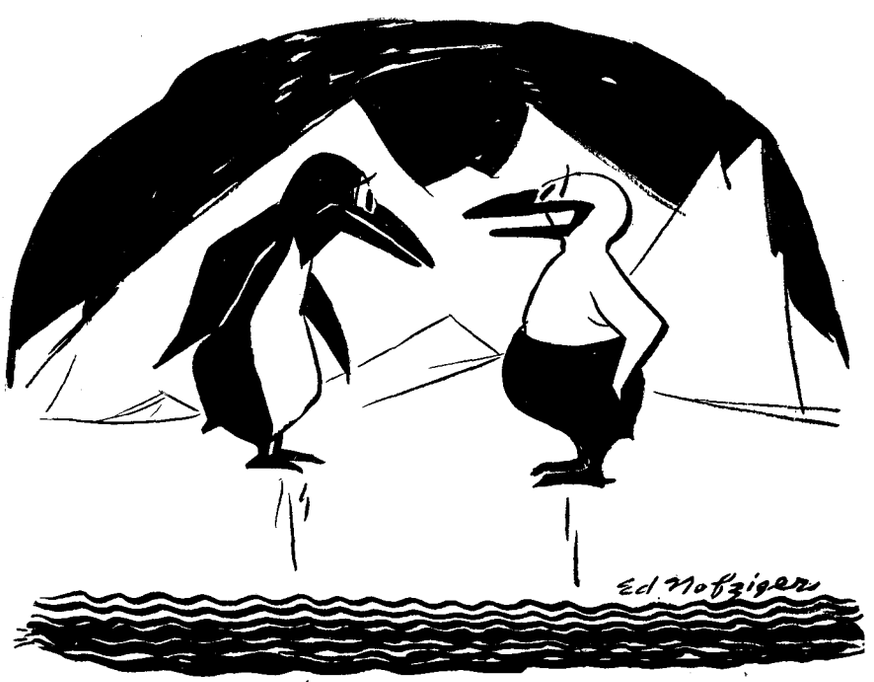
The commission imposes upon the press itself the major burden of maintaining its freedom. Its own monopolistic structure is more of a menace than government regulation. Government must clarify laws affecting the press and act to make the press more varied. The public must organize independently to protect its interests and make articulate its wishes. Act now. The liberty to be carefree is gone.

> The world seems on the brink of suicide, and the ultimate catastrophe can be avoided only if the adult citizens of today can learn how to live together in peace [the report warns]. It will not be enough to educate the rising generation; the time is too short. The educators have the enormous task of trying to make the peoples of the world intelligent now.

But how? Liberty by its very nature raises a dilemma which the scholars cannot solve: "The press must remain private and free, ergo human and fallible; but the press dare no longer indulge its fallibility—it must supply the public need." Government action to cure the ills of the press may destroy freedom of the press.

THE commission has no easy answers. Confessing that its findings are not startling, it suggests thirteen things that can be done. Stripped of extra words and thus robbed of fine shadings but not, I hope, of basic meanings, the recommendations say:

Let the *Government* publicize its



"It's nice for informal affairs."

* *A FREE AND RESPONSIBLE PRESS. By the Commission on Freedom of the Press. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.* 1947. 139 *pp.* $2.

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works and aims freely when private agencies won't or can't; extend the Bill of Rights to radio and motion pictures; encourage new ventures, new techniques, and competition; revise libel laws; permit revolutionary expressions that do not provoke violence.

Let the *press* accept the duties of common carriers of discussion and information; finance experiments; engage in vigorous mutual criticism; increase the competence, independence, and effectiveness of its staffs; keep advertisers from dominating radio programs.

Let the *public* augment the commercial press with nonprofit institutions; establish professional training centers; set up a new and independent agency to keep watch on the press.

Nobly motivated, the report winds up with a pious hope:

> The urgent and perplexing issues which confront our country, the new dangers which encompass our free society, the new fatefulness attaching to every step in foreign policy and to what the press publishes about it, mean that the preservation of democracy and perhaps of civilization may now depend upon a free and responsible press. Such a press we must have if we would have progress and peace.

All this makes "A Free and Responsible Press" a disappointing document. It does not implement the urgency it expresses. From such a mountainous build-up we counted on more than mousy platitudes. It tends to discourage those of us who have been looking askance at our handiwork for a long time now and wondering what we could do about it. We knew the problems but we didn't profess to know the answers. We hoped that the Commission on Freedom of the Press, with its detachment, time, money, and learning, might come closer to basic and workable solutions. Instead, it confesses failure and says, in effect, what we have heard so often before, that the press can be better if it will be better.

YOU can't dismiss the whole thing as labor lost. That would be a sour disservice. The report does have real values. It reads well, surprisingly well, when you consider the necessity of dealing with mouth-fillers like "the media of mass communication" in order to convey precise meanings. The authors were not too awed by their task to be lively and literary. It is a collaboration, and suffers the watered-down effect of most collaborations. A single voice can speak out sharply; thirteen minds speaking as one muffle the tones. Even so the text is illumined by flashes recognizable as Archibald MacLeish's bright poetic vision, the warm humanity of Arthur Schlesinger's sense of history, the pungent philosophy of William E. Hocking. "It is true that the motives for expression are not all dutiful," you read. "They are and should be as multiform as human emotion itself, grave and gay, casual and purposeful, artful and idle."

Above all, the inquiry's high auspices endow the indictments against the press with an authority they have never before commanded. As long as the complaints came from Upton Sinclair, Oswald Garrison Villard, Harold L. Ickes, George Seldes, and other inveterate critics, the proprietors of the press felt free to point scornfully at the source; cry crank, curmudgeon, or communist, and go on about their business as usual. Dare they be quite

so cavalier with Mr. Hutchins and his colleagues?

It will be interesting to watch the reaction, to see how much space and attention the report gets. Will *Editor & Publisher,* for the owners, say, as it says to most critics, that this is the same old line preached by impractical theorists who don't know the first thing about the actual problems of getting out papers; that the charges apply only to a negligible few, anyway, and can be overlooked by the virtuous majority? *Editor & Publisher's* growing sensitivity to complaints of any kind crops up in strange little ways. It doesn't like all this talk about monopoly and centralized control. For the first time its current "Yearbook" lists no "newspaper chains"; they are now "newspaper groups." It would correct the fact by correcting the word.

How the Hearstlings will howl at the call for the repeal of the ban on revolutionary expressions in the Alien Registration Act and state syndicalism laws! Will Representative Taber of New York, the Gannett papers, and the Associated Press grant that government does not exceed its proper authority and waste taxpayers' money when it seeks to inform its own people about its program and to tell the rest of the world what America is like? Will the press break its virtual conspiracy of silence about its own members? Not just about the Hearsts and the Pattersons and the McCormicks. They are easy game and do sometimes get a slap on the wrist from their more reputable fellows.

It was not a Hearst paper the other day that put the headline "Reds Fail to Register" over this story:

> Washington, Feb. 25 — Although more than four months have elapsed since President Truman signed an order requiring foreign agents of former allied governments to register with the Department of Justice, Soviet agents representing the Tass News Agency and the Amtorg Trading Corporation have not yet complied, *The New York Sun* learned today.
>
> Also unregistered are nineteen other agents representing thirteen allied governments. . . . They represent the British Crown Colonies, Canada, China, Denmark, Ethiopia, France, Great Britain, Greece, India, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, and Norway. The largest contingent of unregistered agents comes from the Netherlands.

Would the *Times,* say, think of reminding the *Sun* that the headline might, with as much justice, have said: "Dutch Fail to Register." All the sins of which Soviet Russia may be guilty could not excuse a single instance of such deliberate deception on the part of the American press.

There are lessons here for Mr. Luce, too. After all, he started this business. The way that the man who fathered the Commission on Freedom of the Press applies its teachings ought to be a good test of their worth. The Luce magazines evidently fancy themselves as the final repositories of all truth, and merely tolerate the daily press.

> The front page of a newspaper is always the last place to look for a balanced picture of how the world wags [*Life* noted editorially a year or so ago]. News, to a journalist, is almost by definition bad news. It is easier to get your picture in the paper by murdering your grandmother than by helping her across the street.

Turn a leaf in that very issue of *Life* to see a full-page photograph of a two-headed baby.

A little later, in a collection of essays called "While You Were Away," Eric Hodgins of Time, Inc. and Lester Markel of *The New York Times* engaged in a give-and-take over the relative merits of the newspaper and the news magazine. It re-

(*Continued on page* 27)

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Nippon's Historical Evolution

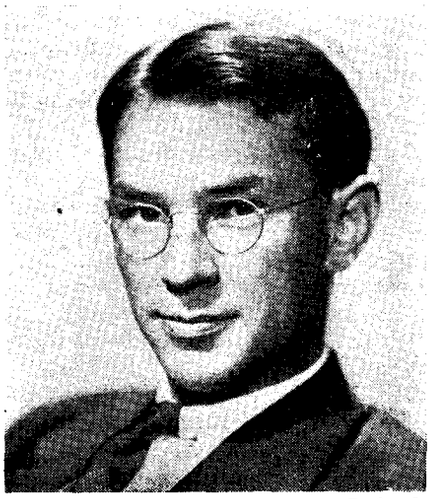
JAPAN PAST AND PRESENT. By Edwin O. Reischauer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 192 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THIS small book seems, at first sight, another drop in the fashionable bucket filled to the brim with a flood of literature on Japan. At a time when thousands of young Americans who never left home go through the bewildering experience of waking up some not so bright morning and seeing for the first time, through the bull's-eye of their cabin, the dim outlines of Japan which will be their strange and foreign "home" for many months to come—at such a time this legion of books on Japan and the Japanese seems inevitable. In parenthesis, an astounding fact may be noted: the young GI who expects to be sent to Germany and who, a rare case, would want to take along some literature on Germany and the Germans would have a tough time finding something not labeled "propaganda." The future military missionary to Japan would have a number of objective and informative books to choose from. Reischauer's "Japan," in its unpretentious reliability and clarity, is a valuable addition to this group.

Sir George Sansom (whose "Japan —A Short Cultural History" must still be regarded as the outstanding historical introduction) deplores in the foreword to our book the endless stream of works on Japan promoting "one of those perversions of systematic thought which are known by the suitably ill-sounding name of 'ideologies'." Reischauer receives a clean bill of health from Sansom. A professor of Far Eastern languages at Harvard, who studied for three years at universities in Tokyo, Kyoto, Peking, and Korea, and who gained rich experience in his war work with the General Staff and the State Department, Reischauer brings excellent qualifications to his task. He has produced a book which is outstanding in its lucid and unprejudiced account of Japan's historical evolution. It can, of course, not claim to compete with more original studies, as, for instance, Trewartha's work on Japan's geography (1945). Yet its very modesty and self-restraint gives Reischauer's volume an important place among the few books which really help the reader to look at the world of today intelligently.

Dealing more with the circumstances than the pomp of Japanese history, the story is always fascinating and only too often tragic. Far from being a race of borrowers and imitators, the Japanese have developed one of the most distinctive cultures to be found in any civilized area of comparable size. At the same time, they eagerly blended their own native traditions with the cultural heritage of China and, later, of the West. Out of the feudal age, the modern and nationalist state evolved, its rapid course of empire defying imagination.



—*Bachrach.*

Edwin Reischauer's is "among the few books which really help the reader to look at the world intelligently."

Japan's complete collapse in our day has burdened the American people with a heavy responsibility before the judgment of history. Surprisingly enough, the chances that we may succeed in our task are favorable, because "the vanquished have joined the victors in this task with amazing good will and trust. The wisdom and justice shown by General MacArthur and his forces, matched by the industry and cooperation of the Japanese, appear to be accomplishing the seemingly impossible—a military occupation satisfactory to the victors and popular with the vanquished." Would that the same could be said of other vanquished nations and their conquerors.

And even so far as Japan is concerned, the skeptical reader will take Reischauer's optimistic praise of the imminent victory of "Western democracy" in Japan with more than one grain of salt.

Jean Reischauer's maps are a considerable asset. On the debit side must be mentioned the lack of a bibliography.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ANAGRAMMED TITLES AND AUTHORS

If at first glance you do not recognize the twenty-five exceedingly familiar titles and authors listed below, it is because Myrtle Koon Cherryman of Hillsdale, Mich., has scrambled them into some extraordinary anagrams. If, within two hours, you can unscramble ten of them your score is excellent, twenty of them you're a genius, all of them you've been peeking at the answers on page 36.

1. Tapioca's Green Text.....Slicker Sandech
2. Faint Ivary.....Y. W. Racketham
3. Smile Less, Bear!.....Thor Couvig
4. Dartle Is a Nurse.....V. N. Sneerlots
5. Daisy Flops a Mopite.....Tony Burtwell
6. Gofassy Theatre.....Garyth Jowlson
7. Violet Was Led.....Dolan Tentbern
8. In the Right Wegus.....Myrtle Niobe
9. Thills of Lemons.....Orie O'Legget
10. I Flood the Amarinth.....Walcott Erst
11. Nee Rojay.....Artobel Tetchron
12. Apiathy.....Lessing Larchkey
13. Thorny Range Babe.....Anna Jetuse
14. Dr. Miljo.....John Scopader
15. Jose Mont.....Ferdy Gennihil
16. Bornino Sources.....Alfedeo Dine
17. Crabece.....Euphemia Rudnard
18. He Cures Duet Job.....Mathod Shary
19. A Thetcher Lad.....Howell Paugh
20. Humbeo Fandango.....Mastersome Gumah
21. Flashy Ale Wolf.....Burt Malleusa
22. Lick a Flavored Wife.....Thomos Gidviller
23. Slacker Lent Car.....Thermia Wordage
24. Wander Apace.....Setol Looty
25. Nod, Quiet Ox.....Van Screet

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Hitched to a Restless Star

JOURNEY TO THE END OF AN ERA. By Melvin Hall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 426 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

COLONEL MELVIN HALL says he was quite young "when I hitched my wagon to a restless star." Readers of his high-speed autobiographical "Journey to the End of an Era," which included four trips around the world, will agree that this raconteur par excellence, bon vivant, courageous soldier, competent aviator, shrewd observer, able linguist, and successful businessman really hitched his wagon to the tail of a comet.

Born in Vermont in 1890, the only child of wealthy, adventurous parents who were "horseless carriage" enthusiasts (they owned the seventh Winton built), Hall made his first foreign automobile tour with them in 1902, through France, Belgium, and Holland. Extended motoring in those days required strong constitutions, fortitude, and money, which the Halls had in ample quantities. During succeeding years, until 1913, Hall drove around the world with his mother, shipping the car across water barriers and penetrating into India, Burma, and China where an automobile had never been heard of; motored through Scandinavia and the Baltic countries to St. Petersburg; visited other parts of Europe and the Balkans; made the Trans-Siberian train journey; and was graduated from Princeton.

The outbreak of World War I found Hall in France. The French military accepted his services as chauffeur of his father's Packard but a few months later he transferred to the British Army. After some exciting espionage work in Germany early in 1915, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the British Army and assigned to the Ypres salient, where he remained two and a half years.

Following America's entry into the war, Hall transferred to Billy Mitchell's air command and became a group commander with the rank of major. He was in London three years as American Air attaché and in 1922 resigned to go to Iran for five fabulous years to reorganize that country's financial administration.

Later, as vice-president of the Curtiss Wright Export Corporation, with headquarters in Paris, he continued his travels throughout Europe, the Middle East, and the Orient, laying out air routes and fields and persuading the heads of foreign governments to install American aviation equipment.

The United States Army didn't want a "retread" when Hall applied for reinstatement in April 1941, so he took a Navy lieutenant-commander's commission and flew westward to Turkey, where he was acting naval attaché until recalled to Washington in September 1942. There he wangled a transfer back to the Army Air Corps, spent ten months with the Combined Chiefs of Staff, and was assigned as assistant chief of staff of the Ninth Air Force in England. He was a "chicken" colonel on D-day plus thirty when his kneecap was shattered by a German machine-gun bullet in France and his combat service ended.

There isn't a dull paragraph in the memoirs of this man who has been privileged to enjoy a frequently adventurous and never uninteresting life.

"Salute to Valor" is the latest book by Linton Wells, traveler, radio broadcaster, and aviator. Last June he returned to America after five years' Government service in Portuguese West Africa.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 679)

FERRIS GREENSLET:
THE LOWELLS
[AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS]

Names unknown to the mossy marbles in the Old Granary Burying Ground have flooded over those of the Lowells and the Adamses . . .; yet the old churches and the older families still stand . . . the enduring core of the living and fruitful past.

Hodge-Podge Pictorial Journalism

THE SANTA FE TRAIL. By the editors of Look. *New York: Random House.* 1946. 267 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EVERETT L. DEGOLYER, JR.

SANTA FE, established in 1609, was one of the first outposts of Western civilization on the Great Plains. An early center of trade, most of which was carried on with Mexico, its region could boast of a population of 10,000 people by the middle of the eighteenth century. After the Mexican Revolution of 1821 brought an end to Spanish domination, the Santa Fe trail flourished as a path of commerce whose importance was increased by the discovery of gold in California; but few cared to linger and settle in the hot, dusty, and arid region. Yet within the short space of forty years after the building of the transcontinental railroads the Santa Fe country succumbed completely to civilization and statehood. The story of this area is one of the most fascinating epics of the New World. It has long needed a pictorial history.

"The Santa Fe Trail" cannot be termed a particularly memorable attempt at pictorial journalism. The views illustrating the earlier days of the trail seem largely drawn from cigar box art and the pages of *Harper's Illustrated Weekly*. Most of them have been previously reproduced, and some bear no relation whatsoever to the area. There is one reproduction, for example, of a Currier and Ives scene of a Hudson River railroad train stalled in a snow drift in a densely-wooded location! The reader will look in vain for any of the fine Western art of Remington or the superlative photography of William Jackson. The usual failing of this sort of book is painfully apparent. The task of compiling was done hurriedly and sloppily. Many excellent collections of material were not used.

The text, moreover, is an amazing hodge-podge of manifest-destiny history, generalities, naïve and misleading statements, and elegiac material. In its attempt to improve on the already fascinating pageant of the Southwest, it rambles into fields which are of debatable value as background material and proceeds to misinterpret the whole. One is led to believe that the United States were settled directly from East to West. In reality, civilization progressed slowly to the Mississippi, jumped to California in the early 1850's, remained stationary until after the Civil War, and only gradually filled in the arid, treeless plains as the settlers adopted new devices to conquer this totally alien environment. The part of the text dealing with the Santa Fe Railroad is an outline and nothing more; other roads which played an equally important part in the development of the plains are completely ignored. The last chapter is a straight chamber of commerce paean which manages to ignore all negative factors in the future development of the Southwest. The whole text could have been improved immensely if at least one of the collective editors of *Look* magazine had gone out and briefed himself better on Southwestern history. As the text stands now, it is a tasteless example of tabloid thinking.

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—*From "The Art of Russia."*

"Refugees," by B. Blank.

Six Disillusioned Comrades

A ROOM ON THE ROUTE. By Godfrey Blunden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 327 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN FISCHER

MR. GODFREY BLUNDEN has written a clinical report on the death of a revolution. A youthful revolutionary movement, pulsing with vigorous idealism, begins to show symptoms of hardening arteries almost as soon as it achieves power. As it becomes institutionalized, the early flush of enthusiasm fades, a bureaucratic arthritis sets in, parasitic functionaries infest the bloodstream, and finally it falls an easy victim to the terrible cancer of a personal dictatorship. The Russian Revolution was the greatest of all revolutions, its promise was the most exciting, and its death throes were the most horrible. Here Blunden found the material of tragedy on a monumental scale.

He tells his story through the lives of six disillusioned Soviet citizens who are thrown together in Moscow during the crucial winter of the war. Five are Russians, one an American woman who had migrated to the Soviet Union with her communist husband during the depression. They gather now and then for fearful, clandestine conversations in a six-by-twelve-foot room in the smelly apartment house where several of them live. This building overlooks "The Route"—the street traveled late each night by the procession of armor-plated limousines which carry the top bosses of the Party from the Kremlin to their country villas. Dwellings on this street are not popular, because every resident gets an extra helping of attention from the political police. Even the children of the neighborhood have learned to feel the heavy presence; they play an NKVD game, in which they demand *documenti* from every passer-by.

This little circle of conspirators makes surreptitious contact with a minor foreign diplomat, James Ferguson—for reasons which in any other land would seem innocent enough. Mary Anderson, the American expatriate, hopes that Ferguson might somehow get her two children back to the United States; for herself she has given up all hope of escape. One of the Russian women wants him to take word to her brother in America that she is still alive and well; she dare not send a letter to a foreign address. Other members of the group simply want to talk—especially Gregor, the former NKVD officer who helped to dispose of some seven million "enemies of the people" during the Great Purge. As one of the few surviving witnesses of that holocaust, he knows that he hasn't long to live, and while he waits for the knock at the door, the soft-nosed bullet at the base of his skull, he likes to talk, because "it is better than a drug."

The most pitiable member of the group is Rachel Semyonovna, a widow who once had prided herself on being one of the most devout of Bolsheviks. She had fought in the Civil War, married the gallant young captain of her partisan band, and worked with him in tireless, selfless devotion to the Party through all the early years of the Soviet regime. Then in 1937 her husband was whisked away by the secret police and tortured until he was crippled in mind and body. Yet he never quite lost his faith in The Workers' State, and when the Germans swept to the outskirts of Moscow he marched out with the hastily mobilized People's Guard to die beneath the treads of a Nazi tank. From Rachel, Ferguson hears how the soul of the revolution died—how idealism gradually withered into a cynical resignation, how fear came to replace Bolshevik fervor as the driving force of the Soviet state.

"At first it was ideals which spurred the workers," she said, "then it was propaganda and promises, then they did it with money, with high and low wage scales worse even than your capitalist countries, after that it was emulation, Stakhanovism, and socialist competitions, now it is the stimulus of hunger and fear. . . ."

The end-product Ferguson sees for himself in the new generation of Soviet citizens—"these young mindless ones who mirrored every inflection of their leader's mood, who were full of pride and austerity, and had bodies like iron. These were the ones who had nothing to remember, read not for understanding but in the catechism of faith. . . ." He sees it, too, in Vitalia, the pretty, chunky Komsomol girl with big peasanty feet, who becomes his mistress at the suggestion of the NKVD. As she spies on him, drinks his vodka, and shares his bed Ferguson comes to realize that she is "bored, devastatingly bored, with all that . . . Marx-Lenin business" with which she has been indoctrinated since childhood. And he speculates about "the political significance of a bored Komsomol," since she and her twelve million counterparts are supposed to be the future Soviet elite.

The book suggests throughout that in the character of Ferguson the author is trying to convey something of his personal experience. During the crisis period of the war he spent fourteen months in Moscow as a correspondent for an Australian newspaper. There he made the first notes for his novel "in minute indecipherable handwriting" and smuggled them out of the country when he left in 1943. To the border guards who overlooked Blunden's notebook, the American reader owes a certain debt of gratitude. For he has converted these notes into a tense, skilfully-told story which conveys more about life in a police state than a dozen learned political treatises.

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Military Man-Factory

END AS A MAN. By Calder Willingham. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1947. 350 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

IT seems a long time ago, and I suppose it is, but I can still, in moments of masochism, made sweeter because I know it's over and done with, recall the wretched year and a half spent in a *soi-disant* educational institution vigorously dedicated to receiving the Boy and returning the Man. I can hear across the years, not faintly, the strident sadism of the reveille, and see the gaunt, utilitarian room wherein I sought the sweet freedom of sleep, the room which seemed to, but did not, have bars across its windows; I can see the sticky-eyed boys scrambling into their sleazy monkey-suits, somnambulistically tidying up the rooms according to the immutable Military Regulations, and feel again the old surge of resentment and despair at each new day begun with Mess-Hall Formation, to shuffle rhythmically in to face the gray insult of the morning oatmeal; and the parade-ground on a day of rain, the stale smell of gun-oil in the Armory mingled with the odor of miserable little boys perspiring in cheap uniforms; and the clipped, robot voice of the Commandant, barking the bromides about manhood and the field of honor and what was expected of us and about our proud tradition and being Leaders of Men and manhood again, always manhood.

All that was long ago, and I am glad, and now Calder Willingham, a young man from Atlanta whose first novel, "End as a Man," I have just read with remembered pain and considerable admiration, has brought it all back to me again. It is a fearful book, a hard and angry book, filled with a contempt that is close to loathing; but the contempt is made valid and mature because it is balanced with understanding and pity, and the restless, ranging imagination, creative and often brilliant, is laid like a *montage* upon the flat surface of the setting. "End as a Man" is not anything like "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," but I was somehow reminded of it, and although Willingham and Carson McCullers are not trying to say the same thing, sometimes they achieve similar effects.

The novel opens deceptively in the year 1940, with the arrival at the Academy, a military man-factory in the South, of Maurice Simmons, a bumbling, eccentric clod, a sort of Good Soldier Schweik, who almost immediately becomes the cringing victim of the compulsive cruelty of his fellow cadets. But it is Marquales, briefly Simmons's roommate, who, with what may be a tinge of autobiography, becomes both the protagonist of the novel and the window through which the reader observes the Academy. During one year, which is the book's course, Marquales at one time or another reflects in his reaction and behavior the much that is bad and the little, the very, very little that is good in the school. If there is anything of manhood in mere survival, of retaining stubbornly some particles of one's personality, of resisting the thick stain of viciousness and cynicism and fear, then Marquales has made progress toward ending as a man.

Mr. Willingham has obtained many of his best effects by writing of evil in a brusque, matter-of-fact style, rejecting richness, handling scenes which might easily have been weakened by overwriting in a peremptory, parade-ground tempo, and in this way strongly highlighting by starvation the viciousness and hypocrisy which were the real, but tacit curriculum of the Academy. Some of the writing is harsh and brutal, as it should be in writing of a way of life that was harsh and brutal; but this kind of writing many writers can do and have done, and as well as Willingham has done it. What he has done in this searing book, however, and done extremely well and in his own way, is to create characters, completely, brilliantly realized, such as the faun-like Jocko de Paris, the lost, over-intellectualized homosexual Perrin McKee, the ineffable Colton, and the mindless, muscular Gatt. And, most of all, the composite, *multus in unum* character, the Academy.

"Calder Willingham and Carson McCullers are not trying to say the same thing, [but] sometimes they achieve similar effects."

Calder Willingham is a good and sharply arresting writer, and any young man who can conceive, execute, and sustain such a scene as Marquales's visit to the home of Perrin McKee, to say nothing of the rest of this vivid, brilliant, exasperated book, is someone to watch steadily.

Color Sketch, Central Park

By Dorothy Hobson

GLOWING
above the water, sudden light,
the little gold-green flames of tree-buds flowing
into leaf-chrome beyond the warm green splatter
on umber earth; and April's breath soft-blowing
along the water, pushing the scatter
of bright,
of golden coins the sun is sowing
across the water toward the bankrupt sight.

Clear the calm glossy shell of nature showing
the deep slow-burning fire of growing
forever safe inside its sheltering
transparent coolness. Only men
young body rounded to the curving hill,
over the water, over and back again
for sake of rowing;
and nervous truant boys who yell
their school-defiance, continually going
down to the shore for balls that fell
into the water. . . . Yet there, in yellow slacks,
a girl, outstretched on sunned new turf and still,
dares to relax,
young body rounded to the curving hill,
heart rooted, for the moment knowing
the colored quiet of a daffodil.

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The War, Bandaged and Sterile

THE STRUMPET WIND. By Gordon Merrick. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

WITH more than one and one-half years of the peace dead and buried, a new school of war writers is making its appearance. This school deals with a group of men —sensitive, idealistic, refined—who were drafted into the business of killing, who detested it; and who, when put under sufficient pressure, reacted to bestiality with as much abhorrence as would Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy. It is quite significant that this school should have taken so long to appear, for the men it treats are psychological problems, men who are more complex than the run-of-the-mill GI. Among its ranks are the introverts, the artists, and the men who see themselves as more than mere spokes in a cog, who see themselves as the wheel itself.

Time has mellowed the minds of these writers. Trivial details, such as the exact composition of a "K" ration, the hardness of bare ground, cold winters away from the luxury of steam heat, have become slightly blurred; melodrama rather than fact, hard and persistent in its reality, has vividly colored their pages with old soldier memories. The women are more ravishing, the brutes are more brutal, and the GI is stronger in his determination to get home right quick and buy that new car. The war, an old casualty, has been swathed in bandages and wrapped up in sterile dressings; it has been put away for another decade to think about; it is tomorrow's headache.

"The Strumpet Wind" belongs to this new school of writing. It is a story about the war at the time of the invasion of Southern France. Roger Chandler ("Rog" by nickname), an Intelligence Officer, educated at Yale, is the son of a wealthy New York family, and "although he was very sure of the things he was against, he was clearly confused about the things he was for." Fluent in French, Rog is assigned to pose as a friend to a confused Vichyite, only to find that when he is ready to turn him over as a spy to the authorities, the man has endeared himself as an innocent victim of circumstances.

As these books go, this is a competent novel. There is suspense, good development, a fast pace. This new, humanized outlook on the war is capably summarized by the protagonist:

> It's our confusion of motives that embarrasses us when we go to war. We like to feel we have awfully good reasons for killing people. So we adopt a set of lofty ideals as our own and endow the enemy with every black-hearted trait we can think of. But when we come face to face with the enemy and find him acting according to a set of standards that isn't very different from our own, it's apt to be upsetting.

"The Strumpet Wind" is the voice of the war in retrospect, stripped of its urgency and danger, reduced merely to an interesting experience, an influencing factor in modern life.

—*Alice Jackson.*

Gordon Merrick's book "is the voice of the war in retrospect, stripped of its urgency and danger."

—*Aaron Siskind.*

Has Elaine Gottlieb "developed her scale of social values very far beyond those of her heroine"?

Groping with Cristabel

DARKLING. By Elaine Gottlieb. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1947. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY G. CHAIKIN

INTO the gallery of fine-sensitive-portraits of fine-sensitive-young-men-and-women comes Miss Gottlieb's Cristabel, a perfectionist in a world seething with imperfection, a dreaming, dawdling dissector of everything that touches her, and a neurotic one, at that. In a manner which has certainly been influenced by the work of Virginia Woolf (though it never achieves her precision, her lucidity), Miss Gottlieb literally traps us in the mind of Cristabel, an aspiring young painter and "intellectual," fresh out of college and still intoxicated with the worshipful memory of the Olympian professor who guided and inspired her. A familiar and easily recognized figure of our confused times, Cristabel gropes incessantly through her summer vacation at a camp for young adults, mulls miserably over a mother and sister who cannot hope to enter her private world or comprehend her private sufferings, searches desperately for the ideal man who will free her from her frustrations, muses on metaphysical, social, sexual, and artistic planes, and arrives at no definite conclusions that I can discover save for the rather weak suggestion, here and there, that perfectionism is an obstacle to normal adjustment and artistic productivity.

I do not know whether Miss Gottlieb actually meant to produce a neurotic in her heroine, but the symptoms are certainly there, whether or not she is aware of their psychological implications. At any rate, it is unfortunate that she insisted on getting in a couple of stabs at psychoanalysis, since they fall quite flat and suggest, justifiably or otherwise, rather a naïve idea of what the process is all about.

There can be no doubt that the author, with her scattered flashes of true perception, her extreme sensitivity to the problems of people like Cristabel, her intense, often original writing, her quick associations, will someday have a great deal to offer anyone who is interested in the human mind and its frustrations. But this book exhibits such a curious maze of shallow and profound, lucid and confused observation, so appalling a need for discipline in the matters of structure and selection, that it is actually difficult to judge how far and how well she can proceed. One feels completely exhausted, after a volume of groping with Cristabel; and I do not think it unfair to wonder here whether Miss Gottlieb has developed her scale of values, her social and artistic philosophies very far beyond those of her heroine. Since there is little affirmative evidence in her first novel, that, of course, remains to be seen.

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Perspective on Poet and Thinker

THE PORTABLE BLAKE. Edited by Alfred Kazin. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 694 *pp.* $2.

WILLIAM BLAKE: THE POLITICS OF VISION. By Mark Schorer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 460 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HENRY W. WELLS

WILLIAM BLAKE satisfies one of the requirements most often advanced for the essential character of a poet, for he has proved to an exceptional degree both transparent and opaque, a delight to his naive readers, a puzzle to his philosophical interpreters. The romantic poet who most fully identified poetry and religion resembles the typical religious leader who speaks clearly to the layman and provides knotty problems for the theologian. Everyone knows in general that Blake stands for passionate energy in thought and feeling, that he is author of captivating songs and still more powerful aphorisms, and that he preaches a gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity, art, anarchy, and forgiveness. The reading of even a few pages shows this, for on these themes no poet has sung more clearly.

On the same subjects few have written more cryptically. His formidable prophetic books, with their cloudy symbolism, turgid eloquence, and personal allusions, have at times discouraged even the most patient scholars. While all English readers have cherished a few of his lyrics, within recent years a relatively narrow circle of students has produced and devoured numerous explanatory volumes. There is little doubt that of these books that by Mark Schorer is to date the most valuable, for this critic succeeds in being not only sound, but illuminating. Its author has been able to lean upon earlier expositions of the symbols; and Mr. Schorer is not only a textual but a liberal interpreter, since far more than any of his predecessors, who have been virtually buried in Blake, he utilizes a wide and critical reading in the literatures of Blake's own times and of ours. He considers both what Blake thought and what his thoughts signify. No book has hitherto succeeded so well in showing both the poet and the thinker in the perspectives of history and philosophy. None so clearly demonstrates Blake's importance.

Although the author by no means duplicates at length earlier interpretations of the esoteric symbols, he gives for most readers as clear an account as circumstances admit. His chief contribution lies in interpreting Blake's thought in terms of its origins and its significance for the twentieth century. The many references to Blake's contemporaries are on the whole imaginative, well thought through, and eminently helpful. He stresses Blake's concern for the social, political, and economic man, and for the real man as we are likely to see him. This, again, is both just and timely. He nowhere overstates this case, for his comments on Blake's religious, psychological, and metaphysical ideas, though less emphasized, are no less important and refreshing. There are a few stimulating remarks on Blake's poetics, especially as regards versification and imagery, but of the painting he chooses to say little.

On Blake's political radicalism the book accumulates an inspiring collection of quotations, and its author's genuine humanism leads to excellent statements on Blake's faith in the unity of the human spirit, in the essential oneness of man's religious, political, moral, psychological, and esthetic life.

On a few scores Mr. Schorer is, no doubt, vulnerable. His own formal dialectic is too seldom accompanied by the intuitive faculty of going to the taproot of his subject. Blake's subtleties he grasps, while his more profound simplicity escapes him. He too much favors a certain Nietzchian violence in poetry. His earnestness leads him to slight Blake's humor. He is, I believe, too severe on the subject of Blake's long line. Nevertheless, his is a remarkably cogent book, thoughtful and brisk, one long needed, and of which American scholarship should be deeply proud.

Shortly after the publication of Mr. Schorer's elaborate, critical study, there has appeared a book giving even better evidence on the importance of Blake for modern thought and for a comparatively wide public. This is a compact volume containing over 600 pages selected from the poetry and prose, preceded by an essay by Alfred Kazin. Regarding the choice of selections little need be said. With the exception of the full text of the longest of Blake's prophetic books, the volume holds virtually all that anyone either can or would wish to read by Blake. The selection is almost inevitable, is along established lines, and is satisfactory. Blake is nowhere better presented for the general reader. To the text are appropriately added the complete illustrations for The Book of Job and for Blake's own "Gates of Paradise," two of his masterpieces as artist.

The only part of the book inviting detailed comment is Kazin's introduction, a serious essay of over fifty pages. This is imaginative, unpedantic, warmly written, and probably the best essay yet composed on the subject. This writer brings to his theme an unusual equipment, having made elsewhere what is possibly the ablest sociological study of American prose since Parrington. Although Blake might seem hardly to invite criticism from a scholar of this complexion, the contrary proves true. In Blake's estrangement from an unsavory social system Kazin discovers the root of his introspective view of existence. He states Blake's position with sympathy, eloquence, and good judgment, praising him as artist, poet, and satirist, while strongly distrusting his egoism. His detailed analysis of "The Tiger" and "London," two of Blake's greatest lyrics, are full-blooded pages of a singularly well-rounded criticism, equally esthetic and ethical. In Kazin criticism becomes wholly free from the dissertational and the prosaic, being both philosophical and artistic; it becomes thoroughly mature and human.

Henry W. Wells is author of "American Way of Poetry," "Elizabethan and Jacobean Playwrights," "New Poets for Old," "Poetic Imagery," and "Realm of Literature." He is an associate in the English Department at Columbia University.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 198

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 198 will be found in the next issue.

AOBHKOGN HLAGB FM DKG

CLRPX, SPX ELGB STSM FM

DKG LRPHG.

DKLASB NRZZGW—

EPLALZLEOS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 197

You cannot kill time without injuring eternity.

H. D. THOREAU.

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Eliza Gant's Monologue

THE MARBLE MAN'S WIFE: Thomas Wolfe's Mother. By Hayden Norwood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 200 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEGETTE BLYTHE

MRS. JULIA WOLFE, mother of Tom, sat in the worn, big chair in the musty, disordered sun-parlor of the Old Kentucky Home on Spruce Street in Asheville and with practised thumb and forefinger snatched at the flanges of her nose, as though it disturbed her with a continual tickling.

Little creases ran out from the corners of her mouth as she pursed and crinkled her lips, and her mischievous sharp eyes beamed behind the big rims of her glasses. "And that," she said, characteristically, "was the way it was."

Mrs. Wolfe had just concluded a virtually uninterrupted forty-minute journey in words that had carried us through Buncombe and Yancey counties to Chapel Hill and "Proff" Koch and The Carolina Playmakers, Harvard and Professor Baker's 47 Workshop, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Berlin, Munich, the Westall family, Scribner's, Harper's, Max Perkins, Ed Aswell, and various and numerous other points, publishers, and personages in between—made all the more remarkable by the fact that she had started out simply to explain why she had been a bit slow in answering the doorbell.

"Mrs. Wolfe," I said to her, "it's all very clear to me now where Tom got his flair for details." I might have said long-windedness, but I didn't know how the peppery old lady might take it.

"Well," she replied, tweaking at her nose, "I've got a good sharp memory, and I reckon I was just born to talk."

That was my first visit with Mrs. Wolfe. It was several years before Tom's death. I had been one of his closest friends in our student days at the University of North Carolina. We had been together in several classes, including Dr. Edwin Greenlaw's creative writing courses and "Proff" Koch's Playmakers, the staffs of the student publications, and several fraternities and societies. And with Tom's propulsion into the literary limelight with "Look Homeward, Angel," I had wanted to have a chat with Eliza Gant. So when I had the chance, I went to see her.

And now, only last night, I have had another long visit—and a more rewarding one, perhaps—with Mrs. Wolfe in company with Hayden Norwood, an Allentown [Pa.] newspaperman and Thomas Wolfe enthusiast, in his "The Marble Man's Wife: Thomas Wolfe's Mother."

Again I have sat across from Mrs. Wolfe, who died last spring, in the dingy sun-parlor on Spruce Street down the hill from Buncombe's skyscraper courthouse and Asheville's ice-cream-cone-topped city hall; with him I have peeked into the drab bedrooms on the second floor, whose comedies and tragedies have been so powerfully pictured by the gangling tall youth who not so many years ago lived here; and with him I have gone to a windswept hillside cemetery to read with Tom's mother the inscriptions on markers above the graves of the Wolfes and the Westalls, and one that says "TOM, SON OF W. O. AND JULIA E. WOLFE."

I have even gone with the two of them to the front porch of a Lehigh professor and laughed uproariously, though safely unheard, when Mrs. Wolfe with neat dispatch ended a gushing faculty wife's adulation of Tom with an abrupt: "What is your name?" and then "How do you spell it?" and finally, "I won't forget now. You know, I never forget a name. That's why I make it a habit to get a name good and fixed in my mind."

Mr. Norwood has done a first-rate job of reporting, those who knew Mrs. Wolfe will agree. He has let her do the talking—nor could he have prevented it had he tried—and the book is really, as the publishers describe it, a conversational biography. Perhaps nine of every ten words are direct quotations. Here and there he steers her into a discussion of some point about Tom or his books in which he is especially interested or about which he has been puzzled. But it's her story.

Mrs. Wolfe talks incessantly, but interestingly, informatively. And as she talks, one gets a clearer view of the Wolfe characters—old Gant, the beloved younger brother Ben, the Westall relatives, Tom himself.

Mrs. Wolfe was a strong, dominant, brave woman, and, whatever else Eliza Gant was, she was not fearful. Mrs. Wolfe's bravery was not in overcoming fear; it was in utterly lacking it. The incident of her taking her sprawling brood to St. Louis for the World's Fair is emphasized by Mr. Norwood. There she rented a house, took in boarders, made her way, and sent money home to Mr. Wolfe in the lining of a friend's vest.

It helps reveal why Tom Wolfe was a strong character. For though sometimes he cried out that he was lonely and lost, he was never afraid. The utter absence of fear in her make-up —her failure even to mention it in the never-ending flow of her words— was a characteristic transmitted unimpaired to the son.

Mr. Norwood has been remarkably successful in winnowing Mrs. Wolfe's wealth of words. He has chosen those that are interesting and informative, and that complement and explain Wolfe's writing—and there is much new Wolfe material here — without losing the Eliza Gant flavor.

Chorus for Easter

By David Morton

AWARENESS is on us, now, of the several heavens
Unto which we ascended,
Unfailingly, after the long Golgothas
And the vinegar-drinking ended.

None made it known, none made it understood,
Clearly, what dying is,
Nor how the hurting, heaped-up hill of bone
Was climbing unto this.

We have forgotten, now, or nearly forgotten
Each Gethsemane,
As Christ forgot . . . as this new springing bough,
It well may be,
Forgets the leafless winter, to avow
The green leaf that we see.

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THE DIE IS CAST

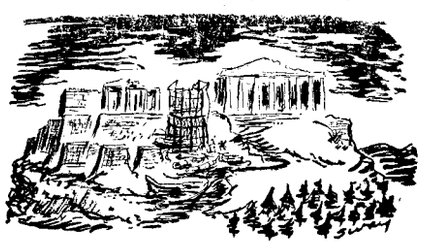
A RECENT editorial in *The Saturday Review* urged Americans to stop growling about whatever they thought was wrong with our conduct at home and abroad long enough to look at their own country, its virtues and its strengths, against the background of the rest of the world. It ended with the hope that we might have "the compassion and the power to regenerate and come to the aid of all mankind." This was a large order, even for an editorial which was titled "Let the Eagle Scream," but it was, nevertheless, startling to have President Truman announce in the same week what appeared to be a project of unlimited extent—American aid to any nation on the globe where the democratic forces are in danger of being submerged by Russian-inspired communist aggression. Just as some of our readers started plucking a few of the tail feathers out of our own screaming American eagle, one has an irresistible urge to find the faults inherent in so magnificent and world-shaking a pronouncement.

"For the first time," the British *Statesman and Nation* announces, "the enemy is clearly named; prudence must yield to patriotism and caution become cowardice." Granted that, with the withdrawal of British support, what we have recently learned to call "the power vacuum" has to be filled, and that if we were not willing to take over the task, Russia would be there by default. But to any thinking man the dangers of this sudden and forthright pronouncement are apparent. How can we know that the four hundred millions to be spent in Greece and Turkey will suffice? And what use will be made of this great contribution and others to follow? With American economic aid, bridges and railroads will be repaired, industries and businesses started once more, and the farmer may have seeds and tools for his mostly sterile land; with our military advisers armies can be strengthened, equipped with tanks, machine guns, and cannon, and police forces can be organized, armed, and trained. But will this be enough to establish and maintain democratic government in Greece or in Turkey?

Suppose that these efforts will not be sufficient and after hundreds of more millions Greece is still alive with discontent and suppressed revolution? And not only Greece, and Turkey, which offers a different problem, but the whole Eurasian Continent may want our money and our help to feed starving people, to start the wheels moving, and perhaps to keep unsatisfactory dynasties and governments favorable to us in power. It is possible that the discontent that lies at the heart of these backward nations is like a wound that will not heal and that all of our efforts will be applied merely to putting fresh bandages on it.

Many writers who have visited these poverty-stricken, marginal countries, including India and China, believe that the source of this evil lies in the land, and that the revolutions which we are hoping to check emerge from the soil itself. These are peasant countries; and when you deprive the peasant of land, you take away from him hope and life itself. Russia's slogan has always been: take the farms and the estates away from the wealthy landholders and divide them amongst the men who till the soil. Maurice Hindus, for example, who knows the Balkans and Persia, as he used to know Russia, believes that unless the men who are sent to these backward lands by America can implement such a policy, all our money and materials and the armies and police we train will be of no avail. The wound will become infected and will spread through the bodies of these nations and in the end the Russians or their satellites will march in just the same. Indeed, our offer of aid will mean that hope will rise in the hearts of millions of the hopeless, and when it is disappointed, the result will be increased despair, and in the end inevitable violence.

In President Truman's announcement, or that of any responsible leader in the State Department, there has been so far no hint that we intend to go to the length of introducing what would amount to democratic revolutions abroad. No one has mentioned that most of the governments of these countries are made up of individuals who are in power simply to see that no such revolution is possible; they represent wealth firmly held in the hands of the few. Will our message to them be that they must loose their grasp so that the democracy of which we talk will mean something to the common people?



The answer may not necessarily be in the negative. We have at the head of our State Department a man who tirelessly and for wearying months tried to stop civil war in China, who knows now, if he did not know before, where the trouble lies. We have at our command hundreds of young men who have visited and worked in the marginal nations we are discussing during the war. The diagnoses they will make in each case may fit the patient's malady and teach the skeptics all over the world that when the necessity is dire, Americans can be inventive, courageous, and daring.

In carrying out a policy from which we will not dare to retreat, as enormous as that of stepping into the boots that British feet have filled for so long, we will have time to make discoveries and find remedies where Great Britain has failed; where she has succeeded, we will not hope or indeed need to emulate her. This is a challenge to all of the American people; the beginning of another and, let us hope, a peaceful war. To win it we must not permit our economy to slip into another depression, or our factories to stand idle. We must earn the money from which the taxes will be raised to send our products and more billions of dollars over the world. We must learn how to run our country with less waste, for we are the most wasteful people on earth. Oil, coal, the products of our farms and factories must flow from us in unchecked rivers. And the minds that direct this all-absorbing task must be the best we can find; they must be endowed with the foresight of the true liberal, the ingenuity of the skilled diplomat, and the calculation of the engineer. This is indeed a war worthy of our strength in which we are now utterly involved. When in December 1941 we were driven by Japanese bombs from isolation on the American continents, we were carried by a resistless current into disaster or into the leadership of the world. Our President has thrown down the gauge of battle, our hat is in the ring, and there must be no other end to it but success.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Let the Eagle Scream"

SIR: Your editorial "Let the Eagle Scream" [*SRL* March 15] is to my mind seriously at fault in stressing primarily the material wealth of America as the basis for our national "greatness." I for one cannot believe we shall be able to regenerate the world solely through the means of "motor cars, trucks, washing machines, refrigerators, and all the other devices which minister to man's health and comfort and ease." Any program of international progress must rest upon a spiritual rationale, not upon materiel produced from natural resources fortuitously bestowed upon us. More important than "niagaras of oil" and the timber from abundant forests in determining the future of mankind are the ideals of American democratic policy. We cannot be guilty of materialistic complacency if we are to lead the world; nor should we measure our greatness by standards such as Macaulay used in his boasts concerning the prosperity of nineteenth-century England. Certainly our cultural heritage is something we can be prouder of than our great "inventive" capacity. The clear voices of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Lincoln, and Jefferson can help us more with our present problems than all the splendid scientific laboratories you emphasize.

I am in favor of letting the eagle scream. But let it scream most loudly about those things we can be proudest of: those intangible values, characteristically American, comprehended under the concept of "the rights of man."

FREDERICK P. W. MCDOWELL.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Many thanks for "Let the Eagle Scream." It made me feel pretty damned fine, and it was particularly effective in *SRL* which is never jingoistic.

It is high time we took a bow for what we have been able to do well. No country in the world could go along with the conscience-load the Weepers ask us to carry.

I was wondering when somebody would do this. It was high time.

NARD JONES.

New York, N. Y.

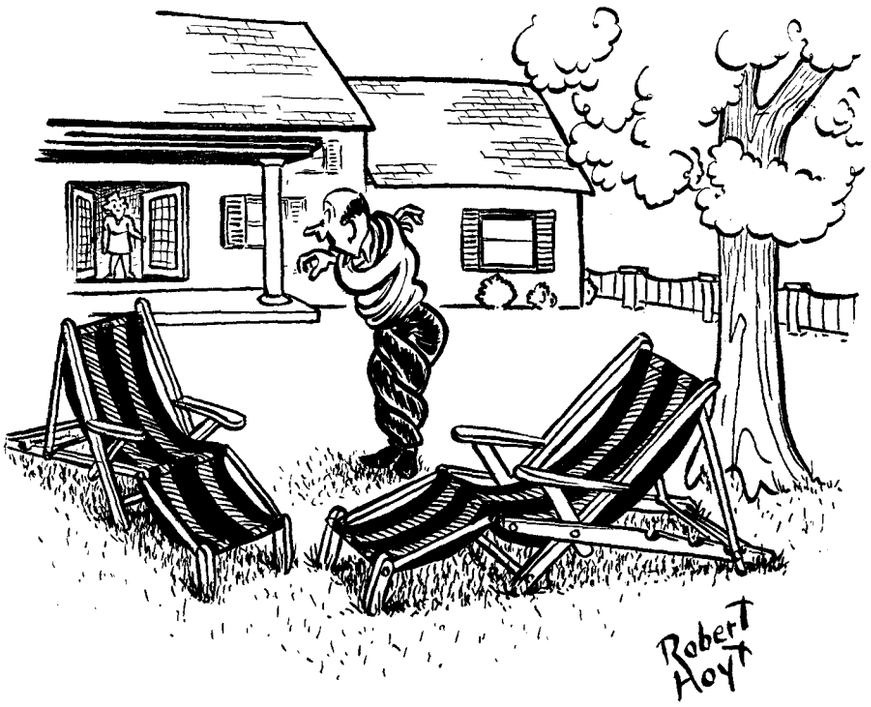
Native Music in L.A.

SIR: It was with great interest that I read Douglas Moore's editorial, "The Cause of Native Music" [*SRL* Jan. 25]. May I call your attention to the fact that, on January 16, Alfred Wallenstein, conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, introduced for the first time in this country Dr. Moore's Symphony No. 2 in A minor. This symphony was written in memoriam to Stephen Vincent Benét, close friend of Mr. Moore and with whom he collaborated in many works, best known of which is "The Devil and Daniel Webster."

One of the few American-born conductors of a major symphony orchestra, Alfred Wallenstein holds a record for presenting "firsts" composed by Americans. American music which Mr. Wallenstein has featured this season includes Robert Ward's "Jubilation Overture," "Ode for Orchestra" by Lucas Foss, "Danzan Cubano" and "Lincoln Portrait" by Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber's Concerto for Cello," Alan Schulman's "Concerto for Viola," "Concerto for Piano" by Arthur Bliss, the U. S. première of Paul Creston's "Threnody," Randall Thompson's "Symphony No. 2," Gail Kubik's "Erie Canal," Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass," selections from "Alley Tunes" by David Guion, and selection from Howard Hanson's opera "Merry Mount," among others.

RUTH SIMON.

New York, N. Y.



Two on "The Cow-Tail Switch"

SIR: Your review of "The Cow-Tail Switch" by George Herzog and myself [*SRL* Feb. 15] is very gratifying, and we both thank you for it. However, an impression is conveyed throughout the text of the review that I am sole author of the book. This, of course, is far from the case. Not only were a number of the tales originally collected by Dr. Herzog, but we worked together closely in the selection of material and in the writing. In fact, the book would have been impossible without his considerable participation. I would be very glad if, in the tradition of *SRL* accuracy, some correction could be made of the impression carried in the review.

HAROLD COURLANDER.

New York, N. Y.

She Was His *Grandpa's* Mistress

SIR: In "Liebestraum" by Paul Henry Lang [*SRL* Jan. 25] the author remarks that Lola was "the future mistress of the mad King of Bavaria."

This would have been rather difficult, even though she did like younger men. The "mad" King was born in 1845. Lola died in 1861, when he was only sixteen.

She was his grandfather's mistress —Ludwig I. The mad one was Ludwig II.

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Men Seldom Make Passes—"

SIR: Your editorial "A Book Is Still a Peculiar Thing" [*SRL* Jan. 25], discussing books carried for protection, left out one very important phase of the matter, namely, the protection a book affords a woman who is out alone, especially at night.

In my younger days (I am sixty-four now) I worked at two jobs (demonstrating and reporting) which required me to go to different towns a great deal alone, and often at night. It was then I learned how much protection a book can give. Not that I was particularly attractive or in very much danger, but no matter how plain any woman or girl may be, there is always someone who will speak to her. But I found that if I carried a book, somehow it scared off what we called mashers in those days and what they call wolves now. Besides if, in a street car or train, some man became a little insistent, all a girl had to do was to open her book and begin to read. That *did* strike a blow to his masculine vanity.

I thought you might like to know how pertinent your editorial was, and the memories it brought back. Needless to say, these days I don't need to carry a book. But once it was very useful.

GERTRUDE GORDON.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

HIGHLAND FLING

THE public square of the Scottish village in "Brigadoon"* is called MacConnachy. That should be something of a hint. It should serve as a forewarning or a promise of fantasy, even if Sir James Barrie's spelling of M'Connachie was different.

M'Connachie was, of course, the name that Barrie, being Barrie, gave to his "unruly half—the writing half." Sir James pictured himself as "dour, practical, and canny"; his elfin brainchild, M'Connachie, as "fanciful." "My desire," confessed Barrie in a moment of baccalaureate weakness at St. Andrews that he lived to regret, "is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of office furniture, while [M'Connachie] prefers to fly around on one wing."

Although Barrie insisted M'Connachie wrote his plays for him, some of us would prefer to hold him responsible merely for the coyer stage directions and those moments when the whimsy became whim-wham. As A. B. Walkley knew when toasting Barrie at a dinner of the London Critics' Circle in 1922, in M'Connachie Sir James had raised a Frankenstein's Monster, a monster he was powerless to lay. Walkley added, "You have been M'Connachied here and M'Connachied there; M'Connachied with damnable iteration. Sir, let us drop it to-night."

I gladly accept Walkley's suggestion and drop M'Connachie here and now in connection with "Brigadoon." My sole excuse for summoning his dubious shade is that "Brigadoon," in addition to the many other attributes it can claim, is possessed of a Barrie quality that cannot be denied.

This is not merely because Alan Jay Lerner's beguiling musical play is equipped with more tartans than all the royal Stuarts ever dreamed of seeing at Holyrood in their pre-"over-the-water" days. Or because the droning of bagpipes can be heard above Frederick Loewe's enchanting music. Or because the burrs in the mouths of most of the performers are heavier than can be acquired in any thicket. The truth is that "Brigadoon's" fable is of that sachet'd, moon-struck, and thistle-fay'd variety upon which Barrie took out a special copyright that has not expired to this day.

When we think of the clamor of arms, of brave tales and braver words, of Border ballads and Scottish romance, Sir Walter comes to our minds. When our thoughts turn to simple songs of passion in the land of banks and braes, to bonnie lassies and Jo-Johns, and small things given their proper magnitude, Burns is the rose that blooms. When we conjure the image of dyspepsia and prophecy, of an eloquence gnarled and personal, of pre-Henry Lucean inversions, and of a style upon which the coloring oils are more thickly coagulated than upon the most weighted canvases, Carlyle is our man. When we are haunted by dreams of the Jolly Roger, of childhood innocence, or Highland adventures advanced in purer English than the average Englishman employs, we are remembering Stevenson. But when we would evoke the personification of heathered whimsicality at its most unthrifty and elusive, Barrie is the name we use.

He could be cloyingly sweet. He could carry cuteness to disquieting lengths. His sentimentality could sugar the blood. He could bury his head, ostrich-wise, in old lavender. But at his matchless best there was that bloom upon his works which in Maggie Shand's case he defined as charm.

It is this same charm, with the old-maidishness gone and the saccharin missing, which distinguishes "Brigadoon." "Brigadoon" tells the kind of story so dear to Barrie's heart that the wonder is he never got around to telling it himself. Moreover, it tells it with unwavering taste and without any of the embarrassments M'Connachie would have provoked. Yet there is a difference. Even those allergic to Barrie find "Brigadoon" impossible to resist.

TO reduce a fantasy to the barren words of a synopsis is to put a lighted cigarette to a balloon. I hesitate, therefore, to do more than suggest that Mr. Lerner's and Mr. Loewe's new musical is about two young Americans who, while shooting in Scotland, suddenly find themselves in a village which comes to life only once every hundred years. Needless to say, one of these Americans falls in love with a girl there. And there is the inevitable tug between fact and fancy, between the pulls of this world and the appeals of that.

But the evening's magic begins precisely where the synopsis ends. The oldest bromide about the theatre is that it represents a fusion of the arts. Every man, woman, or child writing a first article on the drama, every theatre person making an after-dinner speech, every drama school student, every fund-raiser in the name of repertory, every shaggy-haired

Vandamm.

"Brigadoon" has *everything*: a literate book, charming music, singing actors who can sing and act, dancers who can dance, admirably conceived costumes, imaginative sets.

* *BRIGADOON, a new musical play. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. Music by Frederick Loewe. Staged by Robert Lewis. Dances by Agnes de Mille. Settings by Oliver Smith. Costumes by David Ffolkes. Presented by Cheryl Crawford. With a cast including David Brooks, Marion Bell, Pamela Britton, Lee Sullivan, George Keane, William Hansen, James Mitchel. At the Ziegfeld Theatre.*

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Henry Michel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Jane McGowan
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Thurs.—$3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20

THE THEATRE GUILD and JOHN C. WILSON
in association with
H. M. TENNENT Ltd. of LONDON present
JOHN GIELGUD'S PRODUCTION
The Importance of Being Earnest
By Oscar Wilde
MARGARET RUTHERFORD
PAMELA BROWN JANE BAXTER
JEAN CADELL
ROBERT FLEMYNG
JOHN KIDD RICHARD WORDSWORTH
STRINGER DAVIS DONALD BAIN
JOHN GIELGUD
Decor by Motley
ROYALE Theatre, Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ National Company—Buffalo, N. Y.
★★ Transcontinental Company—Philadelphia, Pa.

esthete gets that one off. But what is seldom added after this pious exhalation is how infrequently what is offered by the theatre represents any of the arts, much less all of them.

"Brigadoon" is a radiant exception. It has a book, literate, sensitive, and intelligent; the kind of book that could almost get along without an orchestra. Its music is charming. Its singing actors not only can but do both sing and act. Its dancers are unusually proficient. Its costumes are admirably conceived and contrasted; its settings, imaginative and colorful. Moreover, its component parts are blended. They are as integrated as the direction of Robert Lewis is with the choreography of Agnes de Mille.

It was Robert Lewis, of course, who displayed the special wizardry which can be his when, before the war, he staged "My Heart's in the Highlands." The same felicity of touch, the same sensitivity of mind, the same understanding of the fanciful that he showed in his direction of Mr. Saroyan's play, Mr. Lewis has again manifested in "Brigadoon." The result, though artful, is fortunately never arty. It is something calculated to delight rather than to frighten those on Broadway who have a proper dread of lily-claspers.

Agnes de Mille's dance numbers are among the most engaging she has ever created. This is one way of saying they are among the finest to have been seen on an American stage. There are those, enchanted by Miss de Mille's choreography in "Oklahoma!," who had feared that her style had become mannered, if not set, in "Carousel." They were foolish enough to think they could spot, almost blindfolded, the stamp of her workmanship. They believed they knew the mixture of rustic innocence and sophisticated pantomime, the attitudinizing, the gesturing, the head-wavings, the stretchings, the caperings, and in general the turnings of a chorus into a ballet which they had once hailed —and rightly prized—as the mark of Miss de Mille's originality.

"Brigadoon" proves the apprehensions of these worthies to have been groundless. It reveals a different Miss de Mille; a Miss de Mille who, as a choreographer, has mastered a new language. In it there is just the correct suggestion of a burr. It has the lightness, the crossed-footwork, the twirlings, and the vitality of Scotch folk dancing. But it is Miss de Mille's even more than it is Scotch. Being Miss de Mille's, it is also poetry made flesh and blood.

As she employs it, this new language is the perfect expression of all that is fanciful in such an imaginary town as Brigadoon. It has its many mo-

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ments, such as the wedding interlude, when lyrics are made visual. It includes its narrative passages, too, when the austerity of the old ballads is caught in such a number as the sword dance (brilliantly executed by Harry Beaton) and the pursuit through the woods which follows it.

In any season "Brigadoon" would be both an achievement and a delight. Imagination is as rare in the theatre as it is outside of it. It has been conspicuously missing this year, so lean in its new plays, so rich in its revivals. Oddly enough, it is two musicals which have shown the greatest originality.

One of these is, of course, "Finian's Rainbow"; the other, "Brigadoon." The two of them have demanded comparison if for no other reason than that they are both fantasies. The one wears the green; the other, kilts. The first is satiric; the second, pure romance. The former has social significance *and* enchantment to offer; the latter, only enchantment. "Finian's Rainbow" carries a leprechaun to America in order to laugh correctively at the injustices in our race relationships; "Brigadoon" transports Americans across the Atlantic so that they can rejoice in a Never-Never Land.

Of the two "Brigadoon" makes the fewer compromises. It is the better written, the more sustained, and shows the surer taste. But the point is that both of them are joys. Both can claim exceptional merits, and both are productions of which the theatre can be proud. To compare them is worse than ungrateful. It is unnecessary. Their purposes are totally dissimilar.

Original and delectable as they are, I, at least, hope that "Finian's Rainbow" and "Brigadoon" will not invite an avalanche of musical whimsies. Two of these is very good company. Three might easily be a crowd.

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FAITH HEALING?

(*Continued from page 14*)

duced itself to a question of how many copies of *The New York Times Time* magazine had to have every week in order to function.

The cynical might suspect that Mr. Luce hoped the commission would show he had succeeded where others had failed. Mr. Luce seems to have an inquiring mind, up to a point, and he can be conceded a worthier purpose in donating his $200,000. If he has humility as well, he will heed the results.

A year ago, when the commission issued its first preliminary report, "Peoples Speaking to Peoples," I quoted in these pages Mr. Luce's answer to an earlier question of mine. What if the commission should find concentration of the sources of public opinion into shiny big outfits like his own to be a threat to freedom of the press? "If that's what they find," he had answered, "that's what they find."

Well, that's what they find. Not in terms, however, to cause Mr. Luce any acute or immediate discomfort. They don't like central control but they warn that concentration must be broken up sparingly if the country is to keep the service it needs. They find also that personal forces are at work to monopolize men's minds. They do not point the finger. (And here's a general fault of the report: it doesn't name names and cite cases as often as it could.) Decrying exaggerated drives for power and profit, the commission merely notes in passing the complaint of small publishers that giant concerns, such as Time-Life, Inc., and Curtis, have preempted paper stocks and printing facilities under long-term contracts.

In the current issue of Mr. Luce's *Fortune* an editorial on the report counters that the commission "like some other people [whose programs are quite different] makes an unwarranted fuss" about the dangers of monopoly and concentration.

The report says something else in words that Mr. Luce and some of the rest of us might well read with conscious care:

> Of equal importance with reportorial accuracy are the identification of fact as fact and opinion as opinion, and their separation so far as possible. The distinction cannot, of course, be made absolute. There is no fact without a context and no factual report which is uncolored by the opinions of the reporter . . . It is no longer enough to report the fact truthfully. It is now necessary to report the truth about the fact . . . Much of what passes for public discussion is sales talk . . . Sales talk should be plainly labeled as such; whether for toothpastes or

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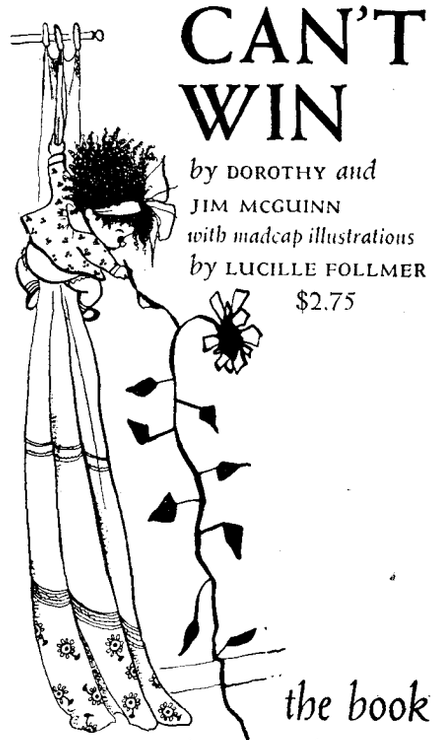

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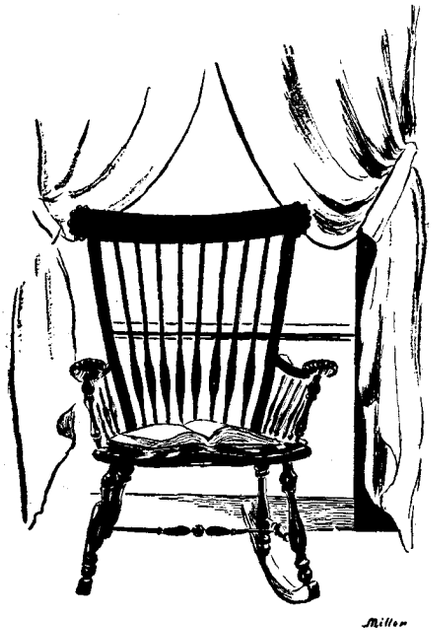
Now look at *Time*. *Time* is a news magazine. It has no editorial page, no columns identified as opinion. It offers its total comments as fact. It labels only its paid advertisements as sales talk. *Time* led off its issue of February 3 with a two-column picture of The Devil. As The News it presented this accompanying text:

> But the world at large, the world of big news, as quiet—as quiet as a farmhouse on a winter afternoon. Was something going on—something more than met the eye? Journalism's nearsighted eyes could not see much of anything. But those who claimed to have the right kind of spectacles reported tremendous activity. They said the devil was as busy as ever—though he was invisible, unheard, and, in fact, to hear most people tell it, nonexistent.
>
> But those who had eyes to see (see Religion) could see him working away in the kitchen, as happy as a literate lark, as busy as a broadminded beaver.

Obedient readers who thumbed back through the pages to see Religion were greeted by the burning eyes of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, the Roman Catholic priest who coverted Mrs. Luce to his faith. Alongside they read his preachment of an epitaph to "historical liberalism" and his salute to "the religious phase of human history," to "a passion for the absolute," and "a struggle for the souls of men." *Time*, in its March 19 issue, did print Pierre van Paassen's ringing retort, but without the front-of-the-book build-up or the book-of-the-book blessing that Msgr. Sheen's sermon got. The same issue devoted its cover to historian Arnold J. Toynbee, and eleven jargon-filled columns inside to his Sheen-sounding thesis that "the goal of history is the Kingdom of God."



This was no routine news handling. It was purposeful sales talk. Readers who protested, and they did, had a reason and a right to wonder to what end *Time* was turning its talents. Were the facts being forced to fit an opinionated and unlabeled mission? No regular reader of *Time* can escape its increasingly evangelical tone.

Comment on a "Free and Responsible Press" may not license a probe into the personality of the man who fathered it. It *is* in order to question the uses he makes of his power. Mr. Luce can be granted a sincere concern for the greater good and a conviction that his way alone can save the world. Of course he does not want war.

The other day, another high-minded man sounded a solemn warning. Julian Huxley, director of UNESCO, called for a reconciliation of opposing philosophies into a single world culture in time to forestall open conflict. Illusory as it may seem, that goal makes better sense to the millions who believe in man and do not fear the devil than does the pitting of rival passions for the absolute against one another in a struggle for men's souls.

"A Free and Responsible Press" reminds us that freedom for the press also means freedom from the press. While we are talking about freedoms, we can remind Mr. Luce that freedom for religion also means freedom from religion. It now becomes more than a matter of personal right; it is a matter of living together in society or not living at all. Grant ten more years for study and suggestion by another agency and society will be better served by its press, the commission promises. That may be too long to wait if the brightest new journalism this century has seen persists in pushing an uncompromising crusade to the "ultimate catastrophe."

The authors of "A Free and Responsible Press" left policies of publishers—as well as of broadcasts and film producers—up to the individual intelligence and conscience. Least of all did they attempt to check the commission's angel or address any direct appeal to him. Rather they invited further gifts like his for further studies like theirs. Why destroy the Luce that laid the golden egg?

Kenneth Norman Stewart, Sunday feature writer and associated editor on picture news for PM, *is author of "News Is What We Make It: A Running Story of The Working Press," and numerous articles contributed to* The New York Times Magazine, Literary Digest, The Nation, *etc. He has been instructor in journalism at New York University since* 1944.

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(*Continued from page 10*)

Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or wouldst thou see
A man i' the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldst thou lose thyself and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Wouldst read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not
By reading the same lines?—Oh, then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

A magnificent description of allegory and fully justified by Bunyan's own work, though he seems to us now to have done more in the first use of allegory, the throwing of bright light on a definite belief, than in the second, the groping towards a meaning that cannot be perfectly expressed. As he says of his book:

It seems a novelty and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.

This is true. Without the moral fervor of Bunyan's belief the book would be nothing: we should be bored by the very obviousness of it all, the carefully labeled characters — Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-Lust, Pope, Pagan, and the rest. We should question the accuracy of the division of his characters—why, for instance, Christian should not represent in himself also the virtues of Faithful and of Hopeful. As it is, we are swept along by Bunyan's own fierce and unflagging belief, which so infects his style that the strangest things appear credible:

> But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon.

Such superb writing as this is needed to produce the full effect of allegory, and it is no accident that the greatest allegorists, such as Swift and Bunyan, have been at the same time the greatest masters of prose style. But without the fervor and vigor of the imagination the finest style will prove unreliable. There is more indeed than this. It seems that unless the allegory is in some sense true it will be flat. Unless the author's imagination has extended to something that is or can be really and rightly felt by other men, then, with all his skill, his work will be in vain. It is not owing to a lack of skill on Swift's part that his attack on mathematicians in "The Voyage to Laputa" seems foolish compared with the rest of "Gulliver's Travels." It is because his thought is at variance with what we know to be true, so that instead of illuminating he obscures. There is the same failure, though in a lesser degree, in parts of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The long theological disquisitions may or may not be philosophically accurate, but they are of a different order of reality from the world imagined as the main theme, the world where "he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?'" Into this world everyone can enter, whereas when Bunyan's imagination flags, when he ceases to hold before his eyes the whole structure of the real world of feeling which he has envisaged, then his very invention betrays him into dulness and ludicrousness.

Few can have watched their step more carefully than Swift. About him there is an almost terrifying precision. He has little of the humanity of Bunyan, none of the gentleness of Cervantes. His unique quality is that *saeva indignatio*, the savage indignation that is like a white-hot fire in which his immensely powerful style is forged. He adopts a method of allegory which we first noticed in Plato, the putting of what is familiar in a wholly unfamiliar environment. First he makes use simply of an alteration of scale. In Lilliput we see the ordinary man surrounded by pygmies. We observe with horror the absolute power which these creatures, in the mass, can exercise over a man who

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seems to us like ourselves. But we find that they too are like ourselves. It is only when we are given a wholly new viewpoint that the affectation, vanity, and cruelty of ordinary life are so clearly able to be perceived. The same effect is secured in the "Voyage to Brobdingnag," though here the method in the alteration of scale is reversed, so that we are shown one man in a society of giants. This change in the method allows Swift to express himself sometimes even more forcibly than he does in Lilliput. For example, in speaking of the King of Brobdingnag "the Prejudices of his Education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right Hand, and stroking me gently with the other; after an hearty Fit of laughing, asked me whether I were a Whig or a Tory."

This device of altering the scale of things admirably suits Swift's satire, which is derived from his admiration for the great and simple together with his burning hatred for the petty, the mean, the over-complicated, and the pretentious. His allegory is far simpler than is Bunyan's. It seems hardly to derive at all from Christianity, and indeed might as easily have been written by a Roman of the time of Tacitus as by an eighteenth-century Englishman. It has far less complexity, far less warmth than "The Pilgrim's Progress." Yet its whole strength is in its simplicity. Swift's genius demanded a dualism more rigid than Bunyan's comparatively complicated world of good and evil. His style is incapable of showing mercy and can hardly even show sympathy. When, as in the "Voyage to Laputa," he employs a method which does not afford the rigid contrasts between good and evil, vice and virtue, black and white, greatness and littleness, he is strikingly unsuccessful. He finds again a method of allegory which suits him in the "Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," where mankind is represented by peculiarly loathsome apes, the ideal virtues by horses, and the author himself is allowed to assume the superiority of a Yahoo raised a little above his fellows.

Few since Swift's day have combined his acute sensitiveness with a similar assurance of the rectitude of their own views, and there have been no more examples in English literature of his most direct and simple use of the allegorical method. The method of Bunyan has been used often enough in sermons and in cartoons, but not much in serious writing. Yet the method still persists, though now it appears less obviously. It is still part of the writer's task to throw an unusually strong light on some aspect of experience which seems to him of particular importance, and today more than ever it seems desirable to imagine and somehow embody those forces in consciousness which are not immediately evident to ordinary observation, to find new relations among them or illustrate old ones. Dostoievsky, Dickens, Herman Melville, Kafka—to mention only a few—have used the allegorical method for these ends.

IN these modern allegorists we find a use of the method which is, in one respect, exactly opposite to the use made of it by Bunyan and Swift. With a theme such as the journey to the Celestial City or adventures in a world ruled over by horses, the events related are, on the face of them, so fantastic that great care is necessary in order to win the reader's confidence in the illusion which is being put before him. Style, as has been mentioned already, plays its part here. A more than ordinary precision of detail and assurance in the reality of what is invented is required, so that fantastic figures like Apollyon or a virtuous horse can be made to appear as "forms more real than living man." Thus in Bunyan there is not only vigorous and profound feeling but a pervading atmosphere of common sense. And Swift was so successful in his meticulous preservation of the matter-of-fact manner that a certain bishop is said to have observed that he personally believed that "Gulliver's Travels" was a pack of lies.

But in Dickens and Dostoievsky the method is reversed. What we expect to be commonplace is made to appear extraordinary. On the face of it they are not dealing with monsters but with normal men and women. Yet these men and women represent often spiritual and social forces which are more powerful and significant than a simple individual in his ordinary relationships. And so they are exaggerated often almost out of recognition and set in an environment where fantastic lights and darknesses throw certain objects into unnatural relief or totally submerge others. The monkey-like family of the Smallweeds in "Bleak House" is one example out of many.

> The father of this pleasant grandfather, of the neighborhood of Mount Pleasant, was a horny-skinned, two-legged, money-getting species of spider, who spun webs to catch unwary flies, and retired into holes until they were entrapped. The name of this old pagan's God was Compound Interest. He lived for it, married it, died of it. Meeting with a heavy loss in an honest little enterprise in which all the loss was intended to have been on the other side, he broke something

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—something necessary to his existence: therefore it couldn't have been his heart—and made an end of his career.

The early illustrators of Dickens were well aware of this aspect of his work and showed his characters as incredibly big or small, fat or lean, crooked or straight. And it is not only the characters but the whole scenery, the very furniture of the rooms, which invested with a fantastic reality. More important still, in the general relationships of the characters and the scenery, in the episodes and in the plots there is, as Edmund Wilson observes, "a symbolism of a more complicated reference and a deeper implication than these metaphors which hang as emblems over the door."

Where the allegory of Bunyan or Swift has in its expression an almost ostentatious matter-of-factness and sanity, we observe in Dickens and Dostoievsky a passion for dreams, visions, monstrosities, and madness. The early allegorists seem to be saying, "Look carefully at these strange creatures we show you. You and your world are like this." The modern allegorists reverse the procedure. "Here is your world," they say, "look at it in a slightly different way and you will see how full it is of monstrous and unrecognized forces." In both cases, however, it seems that the allegory must be not only vigorously imagined but also, as has been said already, in some sense true. Some of Dickens's evocations of horror or of beneficence offend us because, though forcibly expressed, they seem to us examples rather of emotional indulgence than of consistent thought. The same is true, though to a much less extent, of Dostoievsky, the greatest of all the moderns who have employed this method. Just as the faults in Bunyan and Swift seem to proceed from an over-elaboration of detail, so the faults in Dickens and Dostoievsky come from an exaggeration of what is vague, mysterious, and haunted beyond the point where this is significant.

HERE it is difficult to use words exactly, for not only do we have to make a distinction between the prose truth of observation and the poetic truth of suggestion and significance, but we have to recognize that these two kinds of truth interpenetrate. There are occasions when poetry is "truer" than prose; there are occasions when prose is "truer" than poetry; and sometimes the truth of both seems to be evident at once. The truth of prose is in clear statement and direct judgment; the truth of poetry calls for an extension of the mind into regions which are beyond what is immediately stated and where our judgment is neither entirely rational nor conventional. The allegorist, writing in prose, is concerned with both truths, but particularly with what we have called the truth of poetry. For, beyond statements and judgments, he aims at the extension of the understanding.

IT is perhaps useless to write of the relative "greatness" of various types of art; but just as dramatic and epic poetry, in its most perfect examples, have been ranked above all other kinds—and this perhaps because in epic and poetic drama the symbols used by the poet are real men and women—so it may be suggested that in prose those works which, like "The Brothers Karamazov," combine the realism of observation with the super-realism of allegorical imagination are the greatest of their kind. In this sense, as Shakespeare and Homer are "greater" than Keats or Sappho, so Dostoievsky and Dickens are "greater" than the purer allegorists, like Kafka, because they include more in their survey and, in doing so, blend the poetic truth of their allegory with the prosaic truths of conventional observation.

The allegorical method, then, appears in different forms and, as it were, in different strengths. Part of our normal means of expression, its use is extended for particular purposes. Perhaps it has been used with most remarkable effect by those writers who, like Plato, Bunyan, and Dostoievsky, have been most acutely conscious both of the grandeur and of the insecurity of their environment. It is far more than an intellectual exercise or amusement, and at these times, when even the "realist" is disposed to doubt the reality and significance of the world in which he lives, it may prove exceptionally useful. Its aims must be what they have been in the past, what we found in Plato, to throw a bright light on some definitely held but generally unrecognized belief or to extend the use of language so as to uncover or partially reveal aspects of reality which elude, from their very complexity, the ordinary methods of the reporter or the social worker.

The foregoing article is a preview chapter from Rex Warner's "The Cult of Power," which J. B. Lippincott & Company will publish next fall. His principal works include "The Kite," "The Wild Goose Chase," "Poems," "The Professor," "Return of the Traveller," and "The Aerodrome." Mr. Warner, the son of an Anglican clergyman, was educated at Oxford.

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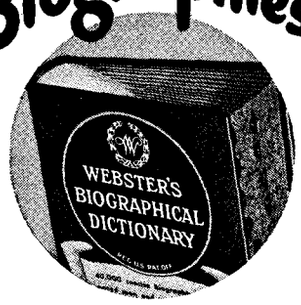

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THE FINE ARTS

A NEW VISION IN PHOTOGRAPHY

IN 1933 a very young French photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson, held a one-man exhibition in New York. His photographs were taken with a miniature camera; they were crude in technique, but overwhelmingly personal in what they had to say. Today Cartier-Bresson's work is being shown in a retrospective exhibition which will travel to many museums throughout the country. Wherever it appears, it will carry the excitement of a new, valid, and strong contribution to photography and, indeed, to the visual arts in general.

The contribution was first made at a rather crucial time. In 1933 there were, broadly speaking, two dominant esthetics in professional as distinct from commercial and from amateur photography. There was the view-camera esthetic - photography's basic classicism—whose core was respect for medium, with attendant emphasis on technical proficiency. Even in modern times, when alternative equipment has been highly developed, a majority of the outstanding professionals have preferred to work with a large view camera on a tripod, if not exclusively, then to achieve the main body of their work. Atget, Stieglitz, Strand, Weston, Evans —these and numerous other leading photographers have customarily made contact prints from big negatives, and have utilized the view-camera controls which result in sharpness of detail and accurate alignment of planes. Long exposures are required as a rule, so that the subjects chosen have almost always been motionless.

—*Henri Cartier-Bresson.*

His British types in a coronation crowd could not have been more illuminating if arranged by a casting director.

Among younger view-camera enthusiasts, known as the "documentary" photographers, the need for objective purity of expression was felt partly as a reaction against the abuses of artistic snapshot photography, the rival esthetic. Though there were leading professionals, like Moholy-Nagy and Man Ray, who were contemptuous of medium and used small cameras brilliantly, a subjective approach to photography had led usually to staleness and repetition when it aspired to be serious and original. It had nevertheless become more and more popular. Its aspects were many. One of the most persistent was known as "odd angle" photography, announced in a German book of 1929, "Es Kommt der Neue Fotograf," and for nearly ten years thereafter the scourge of the more advanced photographic annuals. The "odd angle" trend owed much to modern experiments in painting, but derived technically from a chief limitation of the small camera held in the hand—that everything not parallel to its film, if uncorrected, will appear distorted in the final print. But of course distortion was what the "odd angle" photographers wanted, and they pointed their cameras up at buildings or down at murky water or obliquely at nude models, who often looked apprehensive, having a personal stake in whether photography did or did not prove to be an art. The same photographers often stood very near their subjects to stress foreshortening or to exaggerate texture. And if in the best hands this sort of photography became a valuable implement of visual research, it led preponderantly to dead formulas, bringing about the reaction of the "documentary" group.

At this point Cartier-Bresson arrived on the scene, with only one year's professional experience behind him. To a few artists, photographers, and interested laymen, it was apparent that he had discovered a new approach to snapshot photography, utilizing to the full the miniature

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camera's virtues—its inconspicuousness and extreme portability, its rapidity, its ability to function in poor light and with minimum attention to problems of focus. Of course many other photographers were aware of these virtues, and exploited them in what was soon known as "candid" photography. But Cartier-Bresson's camera was not candid; it was enchanted. He had found and proved that, while *photographic* distortions are limited and tedious, the distortions and tensions of reality itself are endlessly varied and evocative, and may be "stopped" by a supersensitive artist using the miniature camera's shutter in split-second synchronization with his own alert eye. Walking the streets with a tiny Leica camera, he had learned to click the shutter with fantastically acute timing, when scenes which interested him reached their psychological climax.

At the time of his first exhibition in 1933, Cartier-Bresson's photography was called "anti-graphic"—a dubious phrase in an era of muddy labels. What this phrase was intended to mean was that Cartier-Bresson's prints disregarded formal composition and technical display in favor of a spontaneous, unposed recording of reality's persistent and sometimes haunting disorder. Thus if he photographed a child running along a wall in a game of pelota, he did not release the shutter at the instant of most gracious balance, but at the precise second when the child's straining effort and imaginative absorption were so intense as to have an uncanny emotive power, as if this harmless scene were as momentous as Jacques Louis David's image of the martyred Revolutionary child, Bara, dying on the street.

Because of Cartier-Bresson's emphasis on psychological rather than traditional pictorial values, there is a tendency to speak of his photography as anti-esthetic. The truth is, however, that his art is a continuation, though altogether inventive in application, of a visual system inaugurated by Degas out of an interest in the asymmetric patterns of Japanese prints and of instantaneous photographs. Degas referred to his esthetic as depending on "unbalance and surprise"; he preferred tension to static order, spontaneity and telling awkardness to premediated composure; he substituted for the earlier Baroque standards of tactile asymmetry a new basis of reference—the harsh strains and oppositions of a reality photographically revealed. And in our own time the surrealists, by whom Cartier-Bresson was certainly affected, have contributed an appreciation of the occasional irreality of the real, an exploitation of those rare moments when nature itself furnishes poetic accidents, to be recorded quickly or lost.

IF Cartier-Bresson did not invent the esthetic of which he is so striking a master, he has speeded up its responses to an extraordinary degree, so that often it is difficult to understand how he could have seen, recognized, and recorded an event which only for a fraction of a second was ignited with particular meaning. His timing is perhaps most conspicuously evident in those photographs wherein he captures a bizarre or enigmatic action. Yet he is also a man of profoundly humanitarian conscience, for whom fantasy is only a relieving interest. His satire is almost never cruel; it is tolerant, kindly, almost prayerful at times. One of his recurrent themes is the lyric transfiguration of children at play; another is the ecstasies of adult faith. To the former category belong some of his greatest prints, photographs which

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MICHAEL BURN

The author of *Yes, Farewell* fought in the Norway campaign and was taken prisoner at Saint Nazaire. After his successful escape, he fought through the rest of the war as a Commando. He is now a foreign correspondent for the *London Times.*

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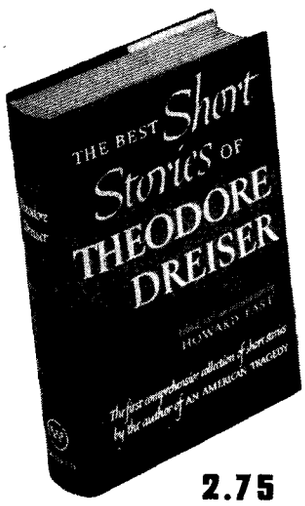

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—*Henri Cartier-Bresson.*

"There is no more powerful document of the war's hard aftermath than his photograph of a French informer being accused by one of her fellow prisoners."

penetrate the world of childhood imagining with remarkable acumen. To the second category belong many of his superb photographs of 1938: the coronation parade of England's George VI; figures listening raptly to a Hyde Park soap-box orator; a trembling French youth kissing the ring of Cardinal Pacelli in Montmartre. This was a year when faiths were desperately embraced, and Cartier-Bresson has shown their transforming effects, though himself probably disapproving their sources. In the end we get from these images a moving commentary on human dignity, whether this dignity is misguided or not. And his sense of observation is miraculous. His photography of a coronation crowd could not have been more illuminating in its use of British types if it had been arranged by the most experienced and profligate casting director (see page 32). But Cartier-Bresson can be bitter when occasion demands. There is no more powerful document of the war's hard aftermath than his photograph of a French informer being accused by one of her fellow-prisoners (see above).

IN terms of direct good to photographers, there seemed until recently to be one limitation to Cartier-Bresson's art — no one else could practise it successfully. Lately, however, other younger photographers have followed a parallel track, some of them frankly inspired by him, some developing independently. The fine "documentary" photographer Walker Evans was one of the first to understand the importance of Cartier-Bresson's discovery and to develop a comparable approach of his own. Helen Levitt has photographed city children with exceptional insight and lyricism. Lisette Model's snapshots of the more sordid members of the European bourgeoisie are an unrivaled photographic document on human indolence and corruption, and she has proved no less acute with American subjects. There are others. In general the new vision in photography can be said to have achieved already a worthy counterpart to the great view-camera photography of the earlier century. The new vision's master, we must not forget, is Henri Cartier-Bresson. JAMES THRALL SOBY.

One More Spring

By Ida B. Bruno

ALDEBARAN the red is high
long after winter sun is set;
now Vega blues first evening sky
above the northeast parapet.

The milky way drifts on the moor,
the dogwoods slant starcolors now,
no longer do we walk secure
under Orion and the Plough.

When spring moves on to magnetize
our dulled desires, the aching past
goes down with winter stars, and lies
beneath a peace that cannot last.

Lover to lover, breast to breast,
the heart forgets its lost delight
and seeks anew its fleeting rest
while Vega curves the arc of night.

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	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
KHACHATURIAN, GAYNE BALLET SUITE. New York Philh. Efrem Kurtz. Columbia M 664 (3) $4.	A new high in orchestral recording, super clear, extraordinary fidelity, wonderful highs, improved bass. Finest orch. recording I have yet heard.	A	Stunningly brilliant bit of instrumentation, based on Armenian folk-dance; musically pleasing but unimportant — masculinized Rimsky-Korsakoff.
VIOLIN RECITAL. Zino Francescatti. Max Lanner, piano. Columbia M 660 (3 10″) $4.25	This one a new high in violin & piano—splendid depth, fine resonance (probably artificially added) perfect clarity.	A	Encore music, played with unusual musicianship by a great musician and virtuoso. A far cry from usual "solo" encore playing!
STRAVINSKY, LE SACRE DE PRINTEMPS. San Francisco Symphony, Monteux. Victor M 1052 (4) $4.75	By present standards not too clear a recording; blurry resonance, instruments unclear, at a distance. Nor are high highs present to accent instrumental color.	A—	A definitive performance (Monteux conducted premiere, 1913) of this epochal work, climax of first savage anti-Romantic reaction. See also V 1041, Strav. Song of the Nightingale.
PISTON, PRELUDE AND ALLEGRO (organ & orch.). Boston Symph. Koussevitsky. E. Power Biggs. Victor 11-9262 (1) $1	Too much organ—tho this may be organist's fault; string orch. is lost in organ and echo. Realistic, large-hall effect.	A—	Academic exterior covers much musical expressiveness, great technical skill in this music by an important U. S. composer. Biggs's harsh playing doesn't help.
DEBUSSY, PRELUDES, BOOK 2. Robert Casadesus. Columbia M 644 (6 10″) $5.50	Piano recording is so-so; but this is difficult music, so much of it is very soft.	B+ to A—	Fine, somewhat chilly playing of this hard-to-communicate piano music. Pianists should buy it.

IT'S A WUNNERFUL WORLD

SOME years back the radio and record engineers in a triumph of misguided technology finally succeeded in giving us music that was acoustically "perfect"—*i.e.*, completely "dead." Reluctantly persuaded that "dead" music is corpse-like in the hearing, the engineering department has since worked out an even more far-fetched technique which, however, works musical wonders—the process of artificially adding resonance or "echo" to a recording, paradoxically to achieve a more natural concert hall sound.

There are numerous ingenious ways of producing the artificial echo, but perhaps the most astonishing for the record listener, as well as the most effective, works something like this. The music and its echo are entirely divorced. First the music in question is recorded in a completely "dead" studio, as dead as the engineers can make it. The resulting record is of course a monstrosity. Every tiny scratch is glaringly clear, every instrument stands out with hair-like precision. Next—perhaps many months later—this preliminary recording is played out into an empty, echoing auditorium. A well placed microphone picks up the swirling echo and this sound is then mixed back with the original recorded music—*in any proportion that may be desired,* thus allowing for any degree of controlled "concert hall" resonance, from a truly cavernous echo to none whatever—all from the same original performance! Extraordinarily beautiful and natural results are now being attained by this weird artificial insemination of life-giving resonance; it is even possible to doctor up old-recorded performances—years after the event—with a fine new dose of artificial realism!

If you wonder then in what splendid hall your favorite artist made those brilliant new records—be apprised that you may be hearing the actual room-sound of some empty New York theatre—whereas the artist himself may have recorded a thousand miles away in a sound-proof radio studio, months before. It's a wunnerful world.

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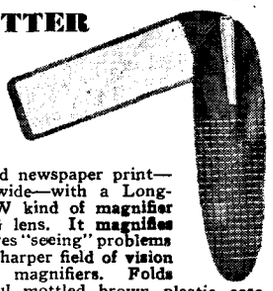

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Small petals strewn helter-skelter
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Massing in crazy designs
Near dead fish floating
On the lagoon's quiet water;
Stepped on by slow feet
In the new grass
And on pounded paths:
These are the blossoms
Of cherry trees that sweeten
Early spring around the old
Tidal Basin where the great
Jefferson Memorial stands as a proud
Spring bride in dazzling white—
Glorious beneath the Easter sun.

Here Easter Sunday is close
To fragrance and beauty,
Warm with sunlight and companionship's
Shared excitement, bright with smiles.

LEE RICHARD HAYMAN.

* * *

Michel Farand of West New York sends me the following. As an old friend of Mr. Untermeyer and an admirer of the extraordinary ability shown in his own poetry and parody and in his many anthologies as well, I am for the Defense!

The anonymous reviewer (Books *Time* magazine Jan. 27 issue) commenting on the Modern Library reprint of Selden Rodman's "A New Anthology of Modern Poetry" prefaced his remarks quoting E. E. Cummings's four-line screed directed against Louis Untermeyer. Cummings's left-handed quatrain caused a righteous indignation and no little indigestion. The indigestion provoked these verses:

IN DEFENSE OF MR U

"mr u will not be missed
who as an anthologist
sold the many on the few
not excluding mr u."
—e. e. cummings

e. e. cummings, you, i wist,
hate our best anthologist,
the prodigious mr u,
with more rime than reason, too.

agh! to bite the hand that feeds
fame or food or human needs
fits not quite the christian creeds
and is unbecumming to
christian preachers' lads like you!

e. e. cummings, why berate
this parnassian advocate
he who brought you poets through
to the many not the few,
bringing, cummings, even you
to a wider public who
poorer were sans mr u?—
obscurer would a poet be
save for the anthology!
why lift up an angry fist
to the good anthologist,
he who from oblivion
saves many sons of—Helicon?
the palgraves and the mr us
they also serve the sterner muse,
but serve her grace much better when
they themselves are singing men,
and mr u is one of those
doubly-gifted ones, god knows.

with anna wickham i concur:
"man to be critic, must be connoisseur."
and mr u can claim both these
proved by his anthologies!

It is through Untermeyer's anthologies—standard texts in many high schools, private schools, and colleges throughout the country, that, in many instances, the initial contact with modern poetry is made. It was one of these anthologies that awakened a deep-seated love of poetry in me; spurred me to creative expression and sent me on further personal investigations. Out of Untermeyer's stimulation also grew my rather wide, comprehensive, and eclectic library of modern poets—not excluding E. E. Cummings. As a matter of fact, it was again through Untermeyer that I became interested in Cummings. I attribute the purchase of Cummings's works to Untermeyer's stimulation, selectivity, and powers of persuasion.

If the statistics quoted by *Time's* anonymous reviewer be correct that Untermeyer's excellent and instructive anthologies have reached the mark of 199,000 copies, then poets, especially the living contemporaries represented (including Mr. E. E. C.) should feel grateful to Untermeyer for having disseminated so widely their work to a traditionally-supposed anti-poetic public. Untermeyer's labors have been positive contributions and genuine services to poetry. They should be met with plaudits rather than paltry dispraises.

Cummings's Lilliputian lampoon provokes a final cogitation: If we, in this violent age of ignobility, of vain values, and spiritual distrusts, can no longer look to the poets as a way toward nobility, fraternity, gratitude, and the magnanimity of the spirit, where else, in Heaven's name, shall we look?

Queerly enough, one of the greatest masters of invective among the English poets, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was also one of the masters of pure praise; and today the generosity of his spirit still shines in his verse. Nor, in this day of constant critical disparagement of someone-or-other, is it precisely, I think, to our credit that it seems peculiar!

* * *

RABBONI

At years five, or six, or seven,
Before life's bread was tinged with leaven,
I'd range the garden's morning cool
Watching mirrored on the pool
Its petaled queen, of darkest hue,
Bent in grief by tears of dew.
Troubled by such mournful pose
I'd tip the water from the rose;
Which leaping free, embraced the sun
Sorrow over, rapture won.

Strange (since life has left me lean)
In distant garden I have seen
A bending maiden sob and weep
Not recognizing pierced feet
Nor seeing with her lowered head
The living standing from the dead;
Not knowing that the Son must rise,
Waiting, merely, lifted eyes.
So I must tread my garden green
And dry the tears of Magdalene.

LAURENCE NELSON HARVEY.

* * *

Wishing you all a happy Easter . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 680

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

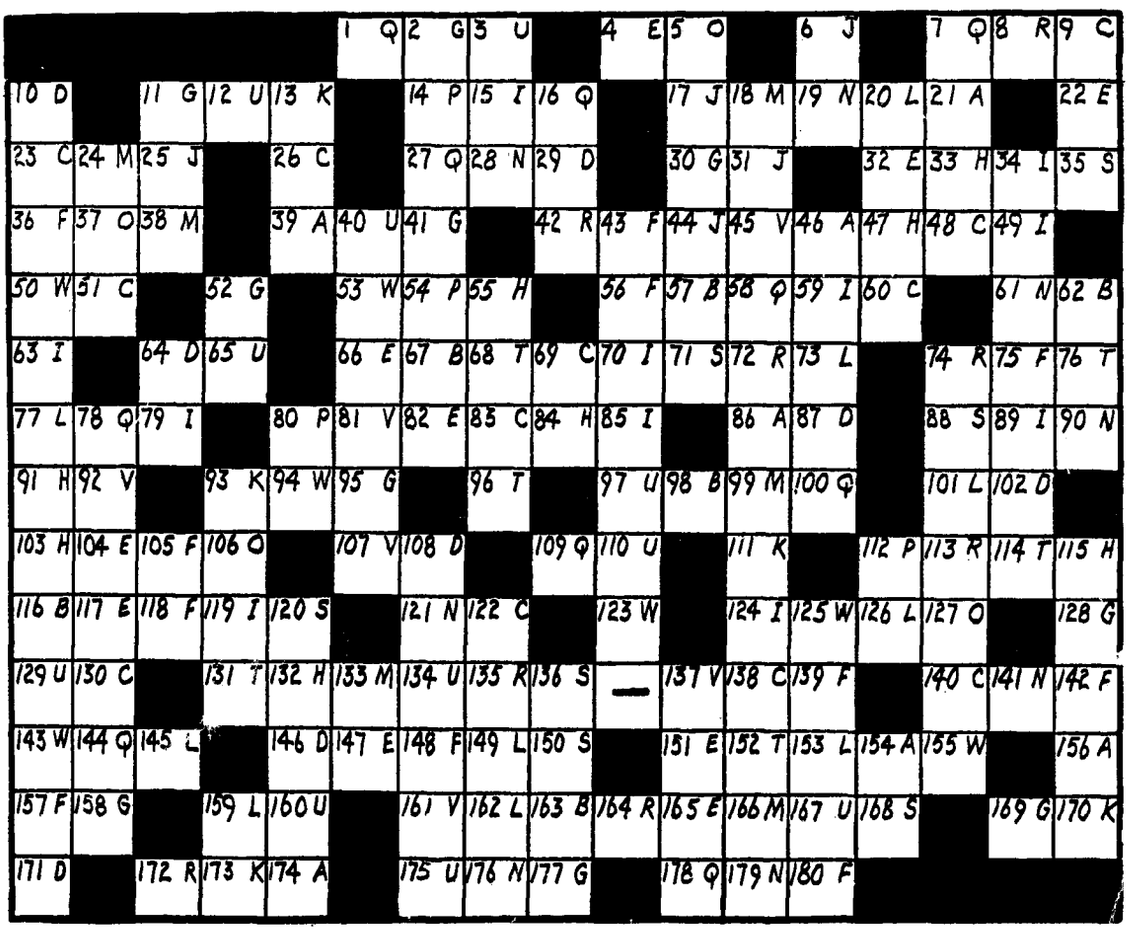
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. System of collecting taxes and land rents direct from the cultivators of the soil (India)	154 21 174 86 156 39 46
B. Like a changeling or a simpleton.	62 67 163 98 116 57
C. Russian woman painter and diarist (1860-84; "Journal" and "Letters"; Russ. Sp.).	140 138 122 23 60 26 83 130 51 48 9 69
D. Charles Lamb's last home, where he died and was buried (1834).	10 171 146 87 29 102 108 64
E. Upright and facing one another, said of fishes and tame animals (Her.).	82 151 4 66 147 32 117 104 165 22
F. European "War" concluded by the Treaty of Westphalia (1648).	56 43 118 105 75 180 139 142 157 148 36
G. Common, poisonous, ringed snake of Australia whose mouth is too small to bite a man (Comp.).	30 52 2 41 11 128 169 177 95 158
H. American sculptor (1825-74; "Clytie," "Hero," "Day," "Night," etc., in Corcoran Gallery).	91 115 55 84 103 132 33 47
I. Remnants; scraps (3 wds.).	34 49 63 79 119 59 70 15 89 85 124
J. English naturalist who put Selborne on the map (1720-93).	44 17 6 25 31
K. Indian of the group including the Aztecs.	170 93 173 13 111

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Want of intelligence, stupidity.	159 162 145 101 20 126 73 77 149 153
M. Fresh water mussels (Zool.; used for buttons).	99 18 166 24 38 133
N. A tick, esp. a cattle or a sheep tick.	61 121 141 179 19 176 90 28
O. The root of the taro.	37 106 127 5
P. The whole alphabet.	54 80 112 14
Q. Peak in Franklin Co., 4000 ft. high; similarly shaped ones elsewhere.	178 1 78 100 7 16 109 58 27 144
R. Thus (now rare).	42 113 164 72 172 8 74 135
S. Alecto, Megaera, and Tisiphone (Gr. Relig.).	168 136 71 120 150 88 35
T. Mexican painter whose communist leanings displeased New York (1886-).	68 96 152 131 114 76
U. Tube through which the parotid gland opens into the mouth (3 wds.; Anat.).	3 129 175 134 65 97 160 167 110 40 12
V. One of the sons of Aditi, Gods of celestial light (Vedic Relig.).	45 137 161 107 92 81
W. Burmese tree whose hard wood is used for making clogs (*Gmelina arborea*).	155 50 53 125 94 143 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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